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Rockwood, Eaton, Moyer and all others New and Old. SMALL Catalogue Free. GEO. S. JOSSELYN, FREDONIA, N.Y.

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Argentine, Kansas, Water and Electric Works Company First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds due 1909.

Argentine is a near suburb of Kansas City, Missouri, being only three and a half miles from the Union Depot in that City. The city now has a population of 6000 and is rapidly growing.

Located in Argentine is the Kansas City Smelting and Refining Company, which employs six hundred men. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. Co. has located its shops and round house at Argentine, and employ seven hundred and fifty men, and disburse nearly $50,000 per month in pay rolls at this point.

Although the works were only completed and accepted by the city in February of this year, the Company is at the present time earning its expenses, besides on the 1st inst. a surplus of $1010.

There are new contracts pending which if made, will give the Company a surplus over and above all charges of six thousand dollars per year.

We have purchased these bonds after a careful investigation and can recommend them for investment. Price par and accrued interest.

WOODBURY & MOULTON, BANKERS,

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Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVIII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1890. No. 50.

Get every furrow turned this autumn if possible. There are many reasons why this is desirable, but this one is enough. The work is accomplished, and so much is out of the way of the short season of seed time. Every thing that can be done in autumn to forward the work of spring should be accomplished. The days are now short, but they should be busy ones.

Don't pile the manure in the fields in the fall. It is a useless waste of labor and a loss of manure. Apply it directly to the land when it is taken to the fields. The work will be out of the way, the resulting crops will be better, and the returns from the outlay larger. With the land in the spring time all ready for the team and the harrow, a large area of seeding can be done in time and in order.

A fact worthy of note is that Aroostook county has made a shipment of 150 barrels of apples to markets "outside." They were grown in the town of Sherman, on the west line of the county. Thus the prediction made several years ago, that Aroostook was yet to become a shipper of apples, has been verified. Sherman and vicinity can grow as good fruit of the hardy, quick growing sorts as any section of the State.

The farmers of Vermont are moving in the matter of establishing an Agricultural School in that State, to be supported with the funds provided by the new Morrill bill and those now used by the University of Vermont, realized from the land-grant act of 1862. A bill providing for this will soon be presented to the legislature now in session. This is a move in the right direction. Thus New England farmers all around are waking up to the importance of special education for the farm, and special encouragement to this industry. Maine is wide awake in the matter and does not propose to be found in the rear ranks. This, our chief industry, properly should receive first consideration.

The tomato is of growing importance to the farm garden as well as to the market gardener, and much has been done toward its improvement during recent years, but the ideal tomato has not yet been reached. The nearest approach to it seems to be the Ignotum, a sprout from a German variety, first grown by Prof. Bailey, of the Cornell Experiment Station, and by him distributed in small lots to test. It has proved very nearly the earliest of all, ripening in 116 days from the seed, and giving the largest season of fruiting of any grown—from July 3 to October 12, when the vines were killed by frost, although still loaded with fruit. The Cornell Bulletin says: "It is by far the finest market tomato we have ever grown. Its points of superiority are its large size, regularity of shape, solidity, productiveness and uniformity throughout the season."

Tuberculosis Again.

The paragraph recently floating the rounds of the papers to the effect that a bull bred from the College herd, and which has been kept for service by Mr. E. M. Bennett of Limestone, Aroostook county, had been sought out by the cattle commissioners and slaughtered, and was found rotten with tuberculosis, was wholly false, it turns out, in so far as disease is concerned. Mr. Bennett has written to the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture correcting the misrepresentation and giving the full account of the case. He writes: "There were five responsible men present when the bull was dressed, who had killed many cattle, and we all pronounced the bull in perfect health and his carcass 'a model.'" In justice to Mr. Bennett and his stock, we are glad to correct the false report.

Increased Aid to Agriculture.

The Executive Committee of the State Board of Agriculture have prepared a memorial, setting forth the importance of agriculture to the people, and the claims it has upon the State for further encouragement. This, with a circular letter and petition for signatures, they are sending out to the different agricultural organizations, and to individuals prominently connected with agricultural affairs throughout the State. We are glad the board is awaking to the fact that it has a work to do through its members beyond that of holding institutes. The law commissions the board to labor for the advancement of the general interests of husbandry, and this they are in duty bound to do in every way through which the work thus left in its hands can be promoted. The following is the memorial, with the papers accompanying it:

Memorial.

Agriculture is everywhere conceded to be the basis of a people's prosperity. On the farms are reared and educated an industrious and sturdy class of citizens, who make up a great constituent element on which the stability of a nation is so greatly dependent. From the farms is received the fresh, vigorous and active young blood unceasingly called for to replenish the enterprise and activity of the great business centers, and keep moving the varied industries necessary to the wants of a refined and intelligent people. The industry and intelligence of the farmer annually bring forth from the soil vast stores of productions, which are vital to the every-day life of the people, and which at the same time contribute to the supply of material which forms the basis of the many industries in which the people are engaged.

The decline in population of the farming towns gradually yet constantly going on; the lessening number of the farm owners; the defletion of money from the farm to other investments; the growing indifference on the part of the people to the desirability of farming as a means of revenue and as a reliance for opportunity; and the shrinkage in the appreciable value of farm property in consequence of these conditions—all these go to show that our agriculture and industry are rapidly nearing, on the part of the State. Other States are responding to the necessity of fostering this industry, and unless we keep pace with what is going on around us, the result of such overnight will be a still further depression.

The State Board of Agriculture is a department of the State government which is commissioned by statute to have in charge the general interests of husbandry, with a view to the more complete development of the natural resources of the State. It is claimed that the State should give recognition to this department commensurate with its importance.

1. In common with the other departments of State—the Board of Health, the Labor Commission, the Insurance Commission, the Bureau of Military, etc., and Board of Agriculture should be provided with rooms at the State House suited to its work, and furnished with all needed facilities for carrying it on. The headquarters of the board should be, like the others, in apartments named above, at all times at the State House, and should be kept open for the transaction of business and the admission of the public.

2. The Secretary of the board should be required to give his undivided time to the duties of the office, and the promotion of the interests consigned to his charge.

3. The valuable work of the board has been widely instrumental in promoting the interests of practical agriculture throughout the State, and its effects are plainly traceable wherever its work has been carried on. More of it is called for and more is needed. The number of Institutes should be increased, the scope of the work broadened, and the character of it improved, in conformity to this demand.

The carrying out of these provisions, in connection with the relief to farm property through the equalization of taxation now sought for, would not fail to encourage and popularizing agriculture with the rising generation, and thus would work a lasting advantage to the State. To this end the Board of Agriculture is directing its efforts, and it asks the earnest co-operation of every citizen interested in the prosperity of the State.

THOMAS DAGGETT, } *Ex. Com. of Board.*
B. W. DICKERSON, }
Office of the Board of Agriculture, Oct. 1, 1890.

Petition.

To the Honorable Members of the Legislature:

We, the undersigned citizens of the State, interested in its agriculture, respectfully submit that the present appropriation placed to the credit of the State Board of Agriculture, is entirely inadequate to the demands made upon it, and we would call your attention to the fact that many calls for institutes go unanswered for lack of funds. And we feel impressed that from the number of incident funds, the amount and character of the work of the board are not up to what the magnitude of the agricultural interests of the State demand, of their importance calls for. We therefore ask an increase in the appropriation sufficient to enable the board to carry on the work designed for it in a manner that shall satisfy the demands of the agricultural mind, and to give our agriculture character and place it on a level with kindred industries. As in duty bound, etc.

We also ask that the salary of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture be increased in proportion to the demands made upon him, and equal to that paid the heads of other departments of State, to the end that he may be required to devote his entire time and energies to the duties of the office, and that the permanent headquarters open at all times at the State House.

Circular Letter.

My Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find a memorial, with copy of a petition which the Executive Committee of the State Board of Agriculture are sending to all agricultural societies, Granges, and other agricultural organizations in the State. It is the purpose of the committee to secure the signature of every citizen in the State, interested in its agriculture, upon it, for the purpose of presenting our demands to the next legislature in the strongest possible manner. Will you please give the matter your early and careful attention, and obtain the signature of every farmer or other person who may be interested in agriculture in your vicinity? By so doing you will materially aid the Executive Committee, and be helping on the good work of elevating the agriculture of the State.

After having obtained all the signatures possible, you will please return the petition to me, for which purpose a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Yours very truly,
Member State Board of Agriculture for —— County.

Orchard Notes.

Too few of us seem to realize the importance of giving trees something to make the crop of fruit from. "Will Tell," agricultural editor of the *New Hampshire Patriot*, has, this harvest, picked four barrels Northern Spy apples from a single pasture tree. This was the result of keeping the salt trough on the up-hill side of the tree a few years, thus inclining the stock to huddle around the tree.

V. H. Sprague of Greene, states that he has the best crop of fruit the present year he has ever taken from his orchard. The reason for it given, is that last autumn he gave to each tree a liberal surface application of barn manure.

A. W. Tinkham of North Monmouth, is an enthusiastic advocate of sheep and the orchard. He owns several out tracts of cheap land, used for sheep pastures, and his practice is to have some cheap shelter near the entrance to the pasture, in or near which the flock is usually salted, and around or under which they huddle through the day in summer. Around this tract, thus frequented by the flocks, Mr. Tinkham sets a few apple trees. These are always thrifty in appearance and bear abundantly of fine fruit. All the cost is accounted for in a little forethought.

A few years ago, Dr. Marston of Monmouth, owned a tract of cheap, out-of-the-way land on the east shore of Cochnewagin Pond. Having an eye out for the dollars, he conceived the idea of setting it to apple trees to give it a value. His idea took shape, and it was set to trees and pastured to sheep. After taking several crops of fruit from the trees, the orchard was sold a year ago to a Mr. Jackson of Winthrop, for $3,000. The Doctor stated to us, at time of sale, that the previous crops of fruit had cancelled the entire outlay on the orchard up to the time of sale. The present owner has just sold the present year's crop for $1500.

All the apples this year, of whatever quality, can be turned for cash. The canning factories all over the State, where this fruit is produced, have been canning apples. All seedling fruit large enough to pare, and grafted varieties not of first quality, are taken for the purpose. The usual price paid is a dollar a barrel. The "elder apples" left after such culling, are being bought up for transportation to other States where the crop is a failure. It is a remarkable turn of trade for New York and Massachusetts to come to this State for cider apples. The turning of this inferior fruit into ready money, in many cases, affords quite a revenue from sources, in fruitful years, of little account. On the whole, Maine fruit growers will realize a good deal of money for the present small crop of fruit.

Institute at Patten.

The series of Institutes by the Board of Agriculture for the coming season was opened at Patten on Thursday, the 9th inst., with a joint Institute covering the ground of the field of work of the Penobscot and Aroostook Agricultural Society. The meeting was held in the fine new hall of the Patten Grange, and was largely attended by the farmers and their wives from that and the near by towns of Crystal, Island Falls, Sherman, Silver Ridge and Monarda. Refreshments were served in true Granger style, at the hall, dinner and supper, for all present who cared to partake, and in variety and bounty corresponding to the wide-spread reputation of that distant section.

The opening exercise was a paper by the Penobscot member, S. A. Burr of Bangor, who was followed by the Secretary of the board on the subject, "Modern Sheep Husbandry." In that section much dependence is made on the flocks. On nearly every farm are to be seen large flocks of as fine sheep as grace the pastures of any section east or west. Their owners certainly have a right to the pride they feel over these fine flocks. The Secretary claimed that notwithstanding the low price of wool, modern sheep husbandry, conducted after the requirements in the case, was the most profitable of any line of stock business. It should be just the opposite of what was formerly called for. *Sheep should be kept for their meat product*, and take with it what wool you can get. The kind of sheep called for, and the care and keep involved, filled the remainder of the time assigned for the subject, and held the closest attention of all present to the last.

In the afternoon, Hon. R. W. Ellis of Embden, gave one of his best efforts on "Importance of Good Stock, and the Care and Feed Involved in its Keeping," which was followed in the same line by the member from Orford, Mr. McKeen.

The opening exercise was a paper by Prof. Jordan, Director of the station, on "Importance of Correct Knowledge in Farming." His premises were that all production is governed by laws. The stations are engaged in efforts to determine what those laws are. Some work has been carried to a finish, much is now under way, and still more is calling for attention.

It has been proved that raw food for swine is preferable to cooked. Practice has been revolutionized in consequence.

It has been shown that dry fodder is as digestible as green, and therefore as valuable for stock food.

Ensilage will produce no better results when fed to stock than the same fed in its natural or its dried state. A fodder is corn, and grafted varieties not of first quality, are taken for the purpose. The usual price paid is a dollar a barrel. The "elder apples" left after such culling, are being bought up for transportation to other States where the crop is a failure. It is a remarkable turn of trade for New York and Massachusetts to come to this State for cider apples. The turning of this inferior fruit into ready money, in many cases, affords quite a revenue from sources, in fruitful years, of little account. On the whole, Maine fruit growers will realize a good deal of money for the present small crop of fruit.

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The opening lecture of the evening was

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Oct. 23, 1890.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Buxnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

Seventeen Farmers' Leagues have been formed in Orleans county, Vt., and a County League has been organized.

The *Oxford Democrat* hears of a Roxbury man who has taken $100 worth of pills and yet isn't feeling very well!

Governor Burleigh and party, who have been visiting State institutions in Massachusetts and Connecticut, have returned home.

A young man, failing to pass the critical examination to Bowdoin College, one of his friends who did pass expressed great sorrow, "because he was such an excellent foot-ball player!"

Farmers' Institutes have been appointed for Washington county at the hall of the Cherryfield Grange, Thursday, Nov. 6th, and at Machias, Saturday the 8th. A good force of speakers will be present at both meetings.

Four years ago, Oct. 14th, the business part of Eastport was entirely destroyed by fire. The people take some pride in the fact that the whole district has been rebuilt, and in value and appearance is far ahead of any former period in the town's history.

Some of the so-called philanthropists say it is unhealthy for the prisoners down to Thomaston, and therefore the prison ought to be removed. We wish it was so unhealthy that all scamps would behave themselves, and keep from going to the State Prison.

The *Machias Republican* publishes in its advertising columns a legislative notice, announcing that an application will be made to the next legislature for a charter for a railroad, from some point on the Maine Central Railroad in Hancock county to some point on the St. Croix River or the eastern part of Washington county.

Col. Fred N. Dow, appointed Collector of Portland, took possession of the office on Tuesday, receiving many congratulations. He appointed as Deputy, Hon. Willis T. Emmons, who is a lawyer by profession, and at present Judge of the municipal court of Saco, of which city he has thrice been elected Mayor.

The Farmers' League held an interesting meeting at Hampden Center, Thursday evening, at which quite a number made interesting remarks. One member stated that recently, the Experiment Station at the State College, sent out to the farmers a sample of clover seed with the statement that it contained ten per cent. of a very bad weed seed. He received one of the packages, and found in it about one-fourth of it contained twenty-six per cent. of weed seed, therefore he appreciated the kindly warning.

We have just two words for the farmers, concerning their surplus hay crop—*don't sell*. There are, no doubt, agents in every school district in the State, trying to make the very best bargains for this commodity, but just let the farmers hold on, and exercise a little patience. In the Chicago market, the last fortnight hay has risen in price $2 per ton. The New Yorkers are holding their hay, not selling it, and are absolutely compelled to do so by circumstances. With the duty at $4 a ton, and the price of grain advanced, it does seem as though the farmers of Maine would get a good price for their hay.

On whatever track he trots, Nelson is still king of the turf. Nelson did not start for his Pine Tree home Monday night, as anticipated, but turned his way again, going back to Cambridge City, Ind. This was done to get him to make another record, because the trial 2.11½ made by Stamboul in California, on Saturday last, was approaching too near the King's record to be comfortable. The crowd at Cambridge, Tuesday, was unusually large due to the news of Nelson's presence. The track was good, and after one false start the great stallion went off like a shot. At the first quarter there was a yell, at the half-mile post a howl of delight, and when he made the mile in 2.10¾ there was a whirlwind of hurrahs, the breaking of his own record by ¼ second set the crowd wild, and the horse was lionized by all present.

Now that the woods are full of hunters and the woodsmen will soon be at work in earnest, cases of being lost in the forest will be heard of quite frequently if former years are to be taken as examples. All who go into the woods may not always take a compass, although they are very convenient articles, but about everybody does, or should, carry a watch. The hunter who does so also has a compass. The matter is explained in this way: Point the hour hand in the sun and south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose it is 8 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 8 to the sun and the figure X on the watch is due south. If all hunters and woodsmen who carry watches will remember the facts above quoted they will have no difficulty in finding their way if they get lost, as frequently happens, especially to those who are unfamiliar with the forest.

A gentleman in Cambridgeport, Mass., in the following letter addressed to the editor, calls attention to a practice prevailing too generally on the sea coast, and which ought to be corrected without resorting to any legal measures:

Sir: Last summer I spent a little time on Monhegan Island. On that island there are a good many sheep, and remarking that the pasture did not seem very rich, I was astonished to hear that the poor creatures have to be supplied on their own all the winter but what they can pick up, and what seems almost worse, have no manner of shelter into which to retreat from the winter storms. Even in summer the island looks very bleak and bare, and it struck to me it seems barbarous to leave the poor animals all winter exposed to every storm, and half starved besides. I have not lived long in this country, so don't know if anything could be done, but the matter has troubled me so much that I cannot rest without drawing attention to it. The island does look as much neglected, and I thought that perhaps if the case were known, the owners could be compelled at least to put up some shelter for the sheep.

The State of Maine has fared very well in the way of appropriations, at the recent session of Congress. The following are the allowances:

Purchase of site and commencement of public building Houlton, $15,000; Rockland Custom House, improvement of grounds, $3000.

Completion of Lubec Narrows light station, $15,500; new steam tender for first lighthouse district, $95,000.

Survey of coast of Maine, $3500.

Erection of buildings for fish hatchery at Craig's Brook and Green Lake, $14,000.

To purchase cord and stone for the State of Maine to replace those lost by the fire in January last, $18,900, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

Support of Togus Soldiers' Home, $288,-234 93.

Rivers and Harbors—Rockland Harbor, $7500; York Harbor, $10,000; Mt. Desert Breakwater, $50,000; Portland Harbor, $40,000; Camden Harbor, $6000; harbor at Back Cove, Portland Harbor, $35,000; Rockport Harbor, $5000; Moosabec Bar, $15,000; Belfast Harbor, $10,000; Bagaduce River, $4000; Penobscot River, $25,-000; Narraguagus River, $7500; Kennebec River, $30,000; Saco River, $65,000; Harricheckit River, $10,000; St. Croix River, $35,000; Kennebunk River, $30,000; Pleasant River, $3500.

RUM A MURDERER. At half-past three o'clock, on the morning of Friday last, a terrific explosion was heard in the little New Hampshire town of Berlin Falls. The inhabitants were thrown into a terrible state of excitement over one of the most diabolical plots of revenge ever heard in those parts. In the morning, when the news spread, work was practically suspended. The explosion aroused almost every one in the place. The general impression at first, seemed to be that perhaps a boiler in one of the saw mills that line the banks of the Androscoggin River, might have exploded. The inhabitants hurriedly dressed themselves and made their way through the terrible storm that was raging, to the place from whence the sound came. The source of the explosion proved to be at the house owned by H. H. Abbott, one of the most respected citizens of the town. The house was occupied by Mr. J. E. Bouette, the public liquor prosecutor. When the neighbors arrived on the spot, a startling sight was presented. The once beautiful home was a wreck. It was shattered from basement to roof, and pieces were scattered all over the neighborhood. The chimneys were knocked over, every pane of glass in the house shattered, the walls sagged outward, and the front was stove in. They saw Mr. Bonette leaving the house with his two children in his arms. They were terribly injured, and he carried them through the drenching rain to the nearest neighbor. The wife followed, and all were in their night clothes and wet to the skin. Lanterns were hastily procured, and an investigation was made. It seems that during the night, some men had waited until the Bonette family had retired. They were shielded from observation by the storm and darkness. They placed a large dynamite bomb on the ground under the front window. A fuse was attached to this terrible instrument of destruction, and a piece thirty feet in length, was strung up the side of the building with the end near a chamber window. Two little children were sleeping in the room, all unconscious of the fact that a party of fiends incarnate were arranging a fearful plot for their death, and also the death of their parents. They must have used a ladder to arrange the fuse. When all was ready they ignited the powder and ran, not waiting to see the result of their awful work. The bomb exploded with terrible force, completely shattering the buildings.

Mr. Bonette and his wife were thrown out of bed to the further end of the room, bringing up against the wall with terrible force. They heard the timbers cracking over their heads, and they were almost buried in the debris. Their first thought was for the safety of their children, and the father rushed up stairs only to find them terribly injured. They had been badly jammed by the timbers. Physicians were hastily summoned, and hope to save the lives of the little ones. The building is a total wreck. Mr. Bonette was appointed public prosecutor by the Selectmen, and he has been very active in waging war against the liquor dealers. It is thought that this is a plot for revenge. A heavy reward has been offered, and officers are engaged in the attempt to ferret out the fiends.

Is it strange that there should be such an exhibition of violence? In its every phase, and from whatever point viewed, the liquor interest is an organized menace to the peace and good order of society. It is ever ready to assume the role of violence, if its schemes cannot be more effectively carried out by peaceful measures. It is most pleased when it can make an alliance with the church, and lull to sleep the consciences of respectable people. If it can carry on its disreputable work without exciting the antagonism of these classes, or if it can be permitted to put on an air of respectability, which is given it by the protection of license, it is wise enough not to exhibit its cloven foot. But if driven into close quarters, or a war of extermination waged against it, it writhes and bites and stings like any other demon. It does not hesitate at deeds of violence; and murder, foul and premeditated, is down in the dark catalogue of its crimes.

In this city, during the reform movement of a few years ago, when the wave of an enlightened public sentiment seemed to engulf the rum shops, an attempt was made to fire the house of Mr. F. C. Rogers, (now pastor of the Union Street Methodist church in Bangor.) Rogers was President of the Augusta Reform Club, and one evening there was thrown into his sitting room, a bottle of explosives. Happily, the object aimed at was not accomplished, but the purpose was the same. Rev. Mr. Haddock of another State, whose son is now the pastor of the Methodist church in Brunswick, was murdered by rumsellers, because he was conspicuous in his advocacy of the temperance cause.

Business men have been boycotted, ministers driven from the pulpit, homes burned or broken up, the prospects of families blighted, men whipped as with the lash of scorpions, from towns and cities, or stricken down in the quiet of their homes by the hand of the assassin. There are but few crimes that cannot be chargeable directly to the rum power.

Let the law-abiding citizens of our various municipalities in the State of Maine, arouse themselves on this question, before they find themselves sleeping securely in the arms of the demon. In many of the cities of Maine, our own included, there is now no pretence at the enforcement of the liquor law, and the concealments thrown around them are exceedingly transparent. Young men are enticed into these vestibules of the infernal regions, their characters ruined, their hopes blasted, and over the graves of ruined manhood the rumseller flourishes and waxes strong.

The time for good men and women to act, is when they have the power of action. The time to uproot the rum power is before it becomes so intrenched that it cannot be shaken. We should like to see in every city and town in Maine, an honest and impartial enforcement of the liquor law. With political affiliations and exciting political questions laid aside temporarily, we should like to see the battle waged in the name of the Home against the Saloon, and men of all political shades and strifes join hands in the issue. We believe that with the keen awakening of the consciences of the people, coupled with the administration of the penalties of the law, which all villians dread, the outlaw traffic could be driven to the wall.

We are familiar with the points in the farm of Mr. E. O. Fisher of Bowdoinham, which is advertised for sale in our columns, and have no hesitation in recommending it to any one desiring to purchase a fine home. It is in one of the pleasantest neighborhoods in the State. Soil excellent, buildings in good repair. The owner is a veteran soldier, who, on account of disabilities, finds he will be obliged to sell.

The average age of cats is put at twelve to fifteen years. But Mr. Alonzo Beckwith, who lives at the Head of the Tide, Belfast, says he had a cat which recently died that was twenty years and six months old. The kitten was two months old when Mr. Beckwith obtained it, and the cat was in the family until it went off within two weeks and, as is supposed, died.

Nineteen lawyers, eight doctors and seven clergymen attend to the legal wants, the health and spiritual requirements of Houlton citizens. Out of a population of 4500 there are enough people who will become entangled in the meshes of the law, who will be sick, and who will continue in their wicked ways sufficient to keep those thirty-four professional residents of our town just about as busy as they can be during the calendar year.—*Aroostook Times.*

A Belfast man said: "Talk about the Lord feeding the children of Israel on quails and manna, I had a similar experience recently. Not having much for dinner that day, I was pondering over the event when a dove flew against the house and fell to the ground. I secured the bird, cooked it and had a first class dinner. I now believe the Bible story."

The Publishers of the *Lewiston Daily Journal*, wishing to introduce the paper to new readers, will send it to new subscribers from November 1st to the end of the session of the Maine Legislature for $2.00. This period will also include an exciting session of Congress. Two dollars, with name and address, may be sent to the Publishers of the *Journal*, Lewiston.

It is charged that the convicts in the Stillwater, Minn., prison are allowed to go out of the institution to attend dances and kindred festivities whenever they desire, and to do generally as they please.

SAGADAHOC FAIR. The way the officers of the Sagadahoc County Fair get up successful exhibitions, is to work for it. They realize fully the fact, that if they would meet success they must earn it. These efforts, with the weather favoring, bring out the successful exhibitions that have been annually held since the organization of the society.

Early in the history of the society, the second week in October was selected for their fair, and this has been adhered to up to the present time; and it is a significant fact that the time has given them good weather, with very few exceptions. No other week of the season in all this time, has proved more favorable than the one selected by this society for their annual exhibition. This, it is known, is a small county in territory, yet they draw together a goodly quantity of stock, and it is to the credit of the farmers that this stock is showing that it is receiving at their hands, the attention it calls for. All of the fine stock on the ground 50 pairs of oxen and steers, 111 cows and heifers and 11 bulls. Whether due to the good living or to the healthful sea breeze, does not appear; but, as a matter of fact, the best oxen came from the town of Harpswell; and three noble pairs belonging respectively to William Alexander, J. Sawyer and A. D. Alexander, each wore home a ribbon. The first named were a noble pair weighing 4000. There were many other pairs of fine cattle and generally in good condition. These farmers seem to appreciate the value of oxen on the farm for work and for beef, though prices be low.

Blood stock has not yet multiplied in this county to the extent that is the case in many counties, but there are good samples there of such breeds as are generally recognized as of most value in our State. Jerseys were largest in number and were shown by J. Reid, Bowdoin; Frank S. Bukey, Bowdoin; F. S. Adams, Bowdoin, and W. S. Rogers, Topsham. Most of them are Maine register and among them were many good animals.

A fine little herd of Guernseys was shown by F. C. Dunning, Harpswell, consisting of bull, one cow and two heifers. This is a good start for a herd. Shorthorns were shown by N. Smith & Son, S. B. Hathorn, Richmond, and F. S. Adams, Bowdoin, and W. S. Rogers, Topsham. A fine lot of Herefords were shown by J. W. Woodward, Richmond, some of the best of their kind. Holsteins by T. W. Allen, Bath, and A. Brown & Son, Ayrshires by J. C. Cox, T. W. Skilton and A. F. Buker & Son. Besides the breeding stock there was a fine bunch of milch cows, shown by N. Smith & Son and all in first class condition.

The stock was kept on the ground over night, thus giving visitors opportunity on two days, to give it examination. This is an arrangement that other societies will do well to imitate, and much better than to allow it to flee for home as soon as the ribbons are hung.

HALLS.

If any one ever entertained the idea that a county fair ought to be held before the products of labor in the farm products are even grown, they ought to attend the Sagadahoc and be convinced there is something to show from the farm besides cattle and horses. The display in a magnificent hall of vegetables and farm products and in great variety. Potatoes were remarkably large and fine, and plainly show the bounty and perfection of the crop this year. We could give the names of exhibitors in this department, and if this had been practicable, space would be given to the notice to which each was justly entitled. We are glad to note that so much attention is being given to these productions, and that so much interest is manifested in showing them.

The display of fancy work in the exhibition hall seemed to be mostly given up to the ladies. They, however, allowed the men the privilege to come in and adorn liberal space with samples from the orchard, and to give a pleasing variety. The fruit is now fully grown and shows to advantage. There was a large variety and from many exhibitors. We make no attempt in the notice of the exact variety and quality of the exhibits made by the women of Sagadahoc. It was immense. We do not remember to have before seen it equalled at a county fair. Each one, it was carefully and artistically displayed, thus doing double credit to those who had a hand in it.

In this hall, too, was the exhibition of butter, displayed in the Unitarian vestry in conspicuous place. Twenty-four samples were shown, not one of which was open to any criticism so far as appearances go. Every sample was neatly put up and presented enough to eat. Fearing, without doubt, that the judge might show favoritism to the ladies who had a hand in its making, the different samples were distinguished by numbers and left no chance for a reporter to give credit to any one. We did learn of a sample from the new butter factory at Lisbon and found it in the first class, and have no chance for a surprise at the fact, that the factory cannot begin to fill the orders for its product that are received. A full description of the method of creaming the milk and manipulating the product accompanied each sample.

In the premium list the classification was made of that made by deep setting and by the shallow pan process—a very good classification. It may have something more to say of this at another time. Only a single sample of cheese was in the show.

It was the determination of President Gould and Directors, that they should themselves masters of the situation and run the exhibition in a manner that would be free from all features that would, in any way, be objectionable to the most fastidious taste. In this they succeeded. A determined vigilance found no difficulty in snatching up the rogues as soon as they attempted to show their hand. None but the legitimate collared the coin of gamblers or liquor peddlers. They were there for a different purpose. Such efforts as were made for this exhibition deserved success, and they won it. The attendance throughout was all that could be desired, and the people went away satisfied. The receipts were heavy and will leave a handsome surplus, above all obligations, to be distributed to the farmers' interests in the ground. It is a good finish to have the last county fair for the season one of the best.

HORSES.

Here, as elsewhere, the horse interests outrun other classes. While it is well that is to be congratulated on having secured so large a show of neat stock. It is evident that the farmers here are as deeply interested in raising horses as in any thing else, judging by the noted a flyer. In the roadster class some good ones were seen.

Capt. Oscar Patten, Topsham, showed a good pair of Knox horses, and Mr. J. L. Stevens, some fine colts. In the class for stallions, three years and over, Ethel N. C. Peterson, sor. 8g; Morrill Wilkes, Elliot Bros, Bowdoinham, ch, Hiccough, 6; R Powers, Blagville, sor. 9g; Tim, J B Reid, Bowdoinham, 8g; Hector, Baker & Dunlap, Topsham, ch, 9g; Stallion and fillies, 1 year filly, G C Moses, Bath, sor. 9g; filly, Frank Bryant, Bath, ch, 10½; filly, R A Jordan, Bath, br, filly C P Peterson, Bath, 9½; stallion, F Peterson, 90; filly, do, 85; stallion, R A Alexander, Woolwich, sor. 8½; stallion, S M Hanna, Bowdoin, 8½; filly, F H Purington, Topsham, 8½; stallion, Frank Bryant, Bath, 8½; stallion, Thomas Rogers, Bath, 8½; gelding, J B Reid, 8½; filly, Emery Smith, Bowdoinham, 8½; stallion, A R Briery, Richmond, 8½; stallion, Frank Bryant, Bath, 8½; colt, Law, Richmond, 1st; C F Peterson, 2d; J Simpson, 3d. Horse, 3 years old, Ira Hackett, Brunswick, 1st; George A Gilpatrick, Richmond, 2d. Brood mare and foal, J M Purington, Topsham, 1st; Hector, Baker & Dunlap, Topsham, 1st.

Dairy—Butter, cold setting, Lisbon factory, 1st; Mrs C E Purington, Bowdoin, 2d; M A Brown & Son, Richmond, 3d. Skillow setting, Mrs R B Reid, Bowdoinham, 1st; Hattie E Simpson, Brunswick, 2d; Mrs W S Rogers, Topsham, 3d. Cheese, T P Simpson, Topsham, 1st; Mrs W S Rogers, Topsham, 2d; Carville, 1st; Mrs George S Staples, 2d; Laura J Staples, 3d. Cream, Mrs W S Barnes, 1st; Mrs E B Staples, 2d; Ethel P Gray, 3d; do, 1st, unbolted wheat bread.

Vegetables—George M McManus, potatoes, 2d; do, onion, 1st; do, cabbage, 1st; do carrots, 1st. Field corn, Mrs Ellen Hall, Richmond, 1st; Wm Alexander, 1st, large; T P Simpson, 2d; J H Hodgdon, 3d; A W Tedford, 4th; small, J A Tarr, 1st; C Simpson, 2d; popcorn, Joseph Clark, 1st; Ralph Potter, 2d; H Keay, 3d; T P Simpson, 4th. Sweet potatoes, George McManus, 1st; Mrs Mary Purinton, 1st; J S Drinkwater, 2d. Oats, J T Messerve, 1st; T P Simpson, 2d; A F Buker & Son, 3d. Beans, George McManus, 1st; Harley, J F Hutchins, 1st. Buckwheat, do, 1st; T P Simpson, 3d. Beans, E B Richardson, 1st; A F Potter, 2d; Geo Staples, 3d. Pumpkins, W A Ward, 1st. Squash, C A Parsons, 1st; J S Reid, 2d; W A Ward, 3d. Watermelons, J A Tarr, 1st; Clirone, J E Hacker, 2d; do, 1st.

Experimental crops—Beans, George McManus, 1st. Potatoes, Mrs Ellen Hall, 1st; A F Buker & Son, 1st. Barley, G D Chandler, 1st.

Fruit—Collection, apples, Topsham, H S Carey, 1st; Wm Alexander, 2d. Georgetown, L B Powers, 1st. Harpswell, A S Powell, 1st; G W Bragg, 2d. Bowdoinham, Dan Fulton, 1st; Mrs H Carr, 2d. Bowdoinham, Dan Fulton, 1st; Mrs Jason B Reid, 2d. Bath, Fred Wright, 1st. Woolwich, L E Wright, 1st. Richmond, C E Winslow, 1st. Brunswick, T P Simpson, 1st. West Bath, A M Donnell, 1st. Collection, pears, C E Winslow, 1st; do, Dan Fulton, 2d. Fall pears, Mrs J B Reid, 1st; C D Dinsmore, 1st. Bowdoinham, Dan Fulton, Island, 2d. Cranberries, H Keay, 1st. Grapes, Mrs B B Jordan, 1st; F H Wright, Woolwich, 2d. Collection grapes, Mrs C H Hunter, 1st. Quinces, grs, Sam Stockman. Chas Kincaid. Apples, individual plates, Baldwins, J B Reid, 1st; H S Cary, 2d. R I Greening, L E Wright, 1st; H S Cary, 2d. Roxbury Russets, L E Wright, 1st; H S Cary, 2d. Ben Davis, W S Alexander, 1st; C E Dinslow, 2d. Black Oxford, A H Donnell, 1st; A Alexander, 2d. Gravenstein, L E Wright, 1st. Rockland Sweet, Fred Wright, 1st; C E Dinslow, 2d. Jewett's Fine Red, J B Reid, 1st. Bath, Fred Wright, 1st. Wolf Tompkins, Fred Wright, 1st; L R Powers, 2d. Fameuse, Geo L Roberts, 1st; G W Brown, 2d. Melon apples, J B Reid, 1st; Northern Spy, J E Powers, 1st; Fred Wright, 2d. Porter, A Alexander, 1st; L R Powers, 2d. Tallman Sweet, Fred Wright, 1st; H S Cary, 2d. Wealthy, A H Donnell, 1st; Fred Wright, 2d. Yellow Bellflower, Fred Wright, 1st.

Dahlias, Preserves and Pickles—Collection, Mrs Addie B Lindy, Richmond, 1st; Mrs H L Healy, Bowdoin, 2d. Dahlias, Mrs S W Smith, 1st. Ketchup, Mrs R W Sawyer, Brunswick, 1st. Cheese, do, 1st. Boiled cider apple sauce, do, 1st. Mincemeat, do, 1st. Canned corn, Mrs J D Springer, 1st; Mrs G W Smith, 2d. Pickles, Mrs A Libby, 1st; Mrs H W Smith, 2d.

Boy premiums—Best display of farm and garden products by boy 16 years old, James Danks, Brunswick, 1st.

NOTES.

The course adopted of breaking away from the committee system and employing single experts for each department, not only gave excellent satisfaction but secured better results than would otherwise have been gained. It is a good thing to have some one who is responsible for the whole business, and to whom exhibitors can turn for explanations.

The prizes in the beef classes were placed by Mr. J. P. Ellis, Fairfield, the successful grower of Shorthorns. The dairy stock was judged by the scale of points, the work being performed by the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture and agricultural editor, Mr. C. A. Gilbert, and the awards in the horse classes were made by the associate editor of the *Farmer*, Dr. Twitchell, who applied the system and scale of points adopted by the State Society. The races were well managed by Mr. Isaiah Pompilly, Lewiston, assisted by Dr. G. H. Bailey, Portland, and Mr. James Withee, Farmington, with assistant Secretary Purington as clerk.

One of the commendable features was the effort of the officers to prevent the sale of all kinds of liquid damnation on or about the grounds, and with a few expert police, not only were all spirits were driven away. Those acquainted with the men at the helm, know that they mean business and propose to make Sagadahoc as free from objectionable features as possible.

We are under obligations to Pres. Gowell and his able corps of assistants, for assistance in making this report.

Among those we missed from these grounds was the familiar form of that loyal and faithful worker, Bro. J. W. Lang, Bowdoinham. His long illness is deeply regretted by a host of friends, who hope for his soon complete recovery. He has labored diligently for the advance of agriculture in Maine, and especially in Sagadahoc county, and such men are a blessing.

The long row of new stalls, erected this year, tell of the prosperity of this society, and this has been earned by the earnest and united efforts of the farmers throughout the county. Co-operation always secures results.

Our old friend, John F. Moody of Brunswick, who has never had time to take unto himself a wife, exhibited some fine ball butter of his own making.

DUST TO DUST. The funeral services over the remains of Justice Miller took place in the Supreme Court chamber at Washington, Thursday afternoon. Shortly after two o'clock the remains, escorted by the Justices, the President, members of the Cabinet, the family, and a few intimate friends of the deceased, were taken to the Capitol.

The casket was placed in the center of the place in front of the bench, upon which Justice Miller sat for many years. The chair of the dead Justice was draped in black. This was the only mourning decoration in the chamber. Within the rail that separates the bench from the attorneys practicing before the court were the floral tributes sent by the friends of the deceased jurist. President and Mrs. Harrison sent a beautiful design. Ranged against the Supreme Court bench immediately in the front of the casket was a large open book in immortelles from the lady managers of the Garfield hospital, of which the dead man was a warm friend and patron. The law school of the National University, of which Justice Miller was for many years chancellor, sent a handsome floral cushion. Secretary Noble sent a sheaf of wheat, palms and roses. Chief Justice Fuller sent a bunch of pink and red roses. A magnificent floral design came from friends. The space reserved for the casket was in front of the bench of the Justices and around this space chairs were placed for the family and the Justices of the Supreme Court, the President, members of the Cabinet, the ladies of their families and a few intimate friends of the dead. The funeral procession, headed by the two officiating clergymen, entered the chamber from the main door. The Justices of the court and Justice Strong, on the retired list, followed the casket, borne in by the active pall bearers. The family a few moments later passed in. The services opened with the singing of the hymn "Abide With Me" by a quartette of male voices. Rev. Dr. Shippen, of the Episcopal church, read the Unitarian burial ritual. The quartette sang "Come Unto Me" and the simple services closed with a short address by Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, of which he is pastor. In the address Dr. Bartlett sketched the life and character of the dead man, dwelling particularly on the great services he rendered in the cause of freedom to all men. Dr. Bartlett offered a prayer. When the ceremonies were over Mrs. Miller was escorted from the chamber and the others soon followed. All went to their homes, leaving the casket in the room. Later in the day it was taken to the Pennsylvania station. At 9.45 Thursday night, the train bearing the remains left for Keokuk, Ia., accompanied by the family and a few friends of the late Justice. The interment was made at that place.

Grange News and Notes.

—To the brother who, in the last *Farmer*, raises the question of a course of Grange lectures, and the cost of the same, I will say, that if he will write me, I think I can assist him in securing worthy speakers at very reasonable expense. I believe that these lectures may be made of interest and profit, not only to the order, but the entire community, and that speakers can easily be obtained who will willingly aid so worthy an object, as much less than regular fees.

G. M. TWITCHELL,
Fairfield. *State Lecturer.*

—The next meeting of Somerset Pomona Grange will be at Athens, Nov. 4th. Address of welcome by F. V. Barker; response by W. W. Brown of Harmony. For the want of time, the paper by Mrs. E. H. Crowell was continued to the next meeting. Also the question, "The standing and duties of a Patron in American citizenship" will be continued for discussion. "Which is the most desirable, fall or spring plowing?" by Stephen Merrill, L. C. Jewett, Bro. Wade of Athens. Worthy Master Ruth Norton requests a full supply of subscript drains. Bro. O. J. Hancock, Worthy Chaplain of the Maine State Grange, offered impressive and eloquent remarks, which were highly appreciated by the audience. Bro. Joel Richardson presented an original essay on "The Standing and Duties of Farmers os American Citizens," and Bro. Cromel Murray, Alonzo Cox and Bro. Wade followed with brief remarks on the same subject. Bro. W. W. Brown responded to the call for one of his beautiful songs. A class of six were instructed in the fifth degree and admitted into the Pomona.

S. F. EMERSON, *Sec'y.*

ACCIDENTS. Miss Grace Doody of Brooks, had the misfortune to break her arm one day last week.—Mr. F. D. Clifford of Boston, traveling salesman for Andrew Denton of Belfast, met with a severe accident, Thursday, which will disable him for some time. He was in E. D. Bailey's factory, in Dover, and in advancing over a circular saw, which was in rapid motion, his right hand struck the saw and the greater part of it was severed, making a terrible wound. The 5-year-old son of Luke Pellitier, who lives near the Madawaska stream, fell, while playing near the house, Sunday, and sustained a bad break of his left arm near the elbow joint.——Eldridge Higgins, while engaged in sawing shingles in his mill on Hardwood creek, Caribou, Saturday night, met with an accident whereby he lost his left hand. A piece of shingle both became wedged in behind the cut-off saw, and after calling to his brother to shut off the power, Charles, in a moment of absent-mindedness, turned partly round and placed his left hand directly upon the edge, completely severing his hand about two inches below the wrist.——Mr. Simeon Mayo of Southwest Harbor, met with quite a serious accident, last week. While at work in a blacksmithing a piece of steel flew from his work and cut an artery in his wrist, which bled copiously. Luckily the doctor's assistance could be found, and the wound successfully dressed.——Ralph, the 6-year-old boy of H. C. Hight of Fairfield, was run over, Saturday afternoon, by the horse cars, and probably fatally injured. One leg was amputated.——No change is attached to the compromise.——Arthur Farrand of Rockland, aged 15, while out hunting, Saturday morning, was shot in the leg by a comrade, who mistook him for game, inflicting serious though not fatal injuries.——Mr. J. F. Pollard of Skowhegan, narrowly escaped being crushed to death recently. He was over-seeing the loading of a car of lumber, and noticing a stake had a position, stepped under to drive it into place, when the team gave way and the whole load came over on him. He was taken home insensible, but happily no bones were broken, and the doctor reports his condition quite favorable.——Mrs. Sarah Hall, of Belfast, aged 40 years, died Tuesday from eating grapes and swallowing both seeds and skins. He was sick only 24 hours.——Frank Brewster, while hitching cars on the Lime Rock Railroad, near Atlantic wharf, Rockland, Friday noon, was run over and killed almost instantly.——A sad accident occurred Thursday, at Dennysville. James McCarthy, a man perhaps 65 years old, an old resident in that vicinity, was riding with Wm. E. Burns on a two-horse load of wood, and while descending a hill the front part of the load shifted and threw both men off. Burns was uninjured but McCarthy fell under the wheels, the front and hinder ones passing over his chest, crushing him, but not even breaking the skin. He was taken to his home near by, but lived only about an hour. He was conscious, and able to converse a little.——Mr. N. Trefethen, the well-known lobster dealer on Criehaven, Owl's Head Island, met with an accident Saturday, breaking his right arm, and bruising himself badly. He was descending to a lobster car along side the steamer by means of a ladder, when one of the cleats came off, precipitating him into the water. In his descent, he struck his shoulder heavily against the car, breaking his arm.——Sunday afternoon, John Landers and John Carroll of Vinalhaven, were returning from Hurricane Island, when the small boat they were in capsized, throwing them into the boisterous sea, with only the bottom of the boat to cling to. Joseph Wooster happened to be out in a boat at the time, and by accident discovered them and took them in his boat to Hurricane Island. Carroll lived but a few hours.——A few days ago, Reuel Bell of Wytopitlock, while working about a threshing machine, had his right hand caught by the teeth, drawing his arm into the machine and lacerating it terribly. Amputation was necessary, and the patient is now doing well.——On Saturday afternoon, the wife of Rev. Mr. Starbird of West Farmington, fell down the river to its mouth is strewn with all sorts of debris, and hundreds are visiting the spot and carrying away mementoes of the wreck.

FIRES IN MAINE. A building at Kittery Point, owned by J. D. Phillips, and occupied by John Hett as a meat and provision market, caught fire Saturday night. The building was damaged $700; insured for $300. Hett's loss is $400; uninsured.——On Wednesday night, a house at Westport, belonging to Geo. Colby, was totally destroyed by fire. Insured for $400.——The Carville Soap Company's factory at Saco, valued at $10,000, was destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning. The fire started at midnight. Assistance was called for from Biddeford, and the firemen promptly responded. The property is nearly a total loss; insurance $5,950.

IT SHOOK THE EARTH. The rains of the past few weeks have greatly swollen the river in South Berwick and vicinity, and at daybreak, Saturday morning, four feet of water in the Newichawanick river was rushing madly down through the deep gorge over the dam of the Newichawanick Woolen Mills. The mills at Great Works, a little village two miles below there.

The dam was 33 feet high, and Mr. Hodgdon, the superintendent, has considered it weak for some time, but for three years the waters have offered no opportunity to repair it. There seems to have been no eye witness to the first great crash and rush of water, and the story of the night-watchman is as follows:

"I was in the boiler-room raking up the coals, when I heard a fearful crash and felt a jar which shook the very earth. I knew in a moment what had happened, but before I could escape, a fierce volume of water as large as a house came rushing for me. When the cremonies were over Mrs. Miller was escorted from the chamber and the others soon followed. All went to their homes, leaving the casket in the room. Later in the day it was taken to the Pennsylvania station. At 9.45 Thursday night, the train bearing the remains left for Keokuk, Ia., accompanied by the family and a few friends of the late Justice. The interment was made at that place.

City News.

—And now the autumn days are come,
And the sportsman with his gun
Prowls through the fields and forest dun,
In search of game
Returning with his empty bag,
His spirits lag,
But hope still takes another jag,
Though sport is tame.
The bare-foot boy with musket old,
Sells him his game for precious gold,
His friends believe the story told
What can't he lame.

—State Treasurer Beal has recently been confined to his house by sickness.

—Young Ralph Plaisted is making his mark in his studies at Bowdoin College, as he did in the schools of this city.

—At a special meeting of the voters of the Village District, Saturday afternoon, it was voted to raise an additional sum of $2000, to complete the finishing of the brick school house on Cushnoc Heights.

—Mr. William Gage is making two nice and convenient tenements in the brick school house corner of Winthrop and Chestnut streets. The change will make a great improvement in that part of the city. And isn't the city just looking up in every respect!

—Last Sunday's good audience in Meonian Hall, at 2.30 o'clock, proved the deepening and increasing interest on the part of the speaker, singers and hearers. These services will be continued each Sunday, and all classes can but gather good from attending such.

—A few years ago Mrs. Charles Turner, living on Grove street, planted a peach stone, which has since become a large tree. A few days ago Mrs. Turner gathered from this tree between one and two bushels of this delicious fruit, the peaches being of good size and fine flavor, better than the average run of peaches in fruit stands.

—Our people are greatly indebted to Mr. Hunt, manager of Granite Hall, for bringing out, Tuesday evening, the magnificent Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, every member of which is an artist. Every piece was roundly encored, and the first class audience were hungry for more. Miss Mantell is a sweet singer and she captivated all hearts.

—Our village district is about to lose one of its brightest and best teachers, Miss Annie E. Colby. Her father, Mr. Joel Colby of Bingham, who has made large property interests at Duluth, Minn., will this autumn remove to that city with his family. It is probable that Mr. Colby will retain his home at Bingham, and return occasionally to see his old friends.

—Some of the headstones in the city cemeteries are leaning, or have entirely broken off and fallen on to the weed-grown graves. As the relatives of the deceased are either in other parts of the country, a fund should be set aside from the sale of lots that would pay for putting in repair or replacing in position these now unsightly objects.

—The annual statement of the condition of the old and reliable Augusta Savings Bank, which appears in our columns, will interest the multitude who have a financial interest in this institution. The first class securities in which this bank invests are printed in full, so that each depositor may know exactly where his money is loaned. It will be seen by the statement, that the deposits amount to $5,155,781.47, and the surplus above all liabilities, to the magnificent sum of $714,800.22.

—The wonder of the world, Millie Christine, the two-headed Nightingale, with a strong company of some twenty people, is to appear at Granite Hall, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week. This lady has two distinct heads, but one body. From one head she talks and sings, and from the other contralto, and converses in two different languages from the two heads at the same time. She is accompanied by the cowboy pianist, a laughing comedy company, specialty and musical novelties. Seats on sale at Hunt's.

—The other night, Mr. Clarence F. Wing, who keeps a grocery store on Green street, heard a noise in his stable, and raising an alarm, went out to find his horse harnessed, in the floor, but the would be thief had made his escape. It is strongly suspected that the rascal is the notorious Charlie Stain, who has recently been liberated from arrest, and who is a professional horse steal

Items of Maine News.

The Bangor lumbermen are preparing to do a big winter's work.

R. S. Moors has been appointed postmaster at Otisfield, vice C. F. Hancock.

The new bank at Caribou has begun business. A new building has been erected, and the banking rooms are nicely fitted up.

Warren Thombs of Monson, brought three deer down from the lake last week. One was mostly white.

L. A. Webster of Waldo, who was seriously injured by falling from the roof of a building, is gaining and will soon be around again.

The career of Michar W. Norton, the murderer, has probably ended by his being taken to the State Prison. He was handcuffed to another prisoner on the way.

The winter run in the shoe factory at Norway, will start up next week, and more business will be done than ever before for the same season.

Thieves broke into Daniel Philbrook's house at Thorndike, and stole $125 from his trousers which were hanging in his bedroom.

Monday morning, William B. Fisher, United States Shipping Commissioner for the port of Bath, dropped dead, of heart disease, just as he was rising from bed.

The next industry to start up in Bath will be the Donnell ropewalk, which was burned last January, and is now receiving its machinery. It has been enlarged, and will do an extended business.

The present outlook for business at Livermore is the best for some time, owing to the prospect of a new and large paper mill to be at once erected at Otis Falls, one-half mile above the enterprising village.

Rev. Charles Davidson of Greenville, whose leg was broken by an accident the 13th of September, is able to be out of doors, and is fast recovering, so his many friends will be pleased to learn.

Capt. Warren Cheney of Grand Manan, entered 11,000 boxes of smoked herring at the custom house at Eastport a day or two before the new tarriff came into effect, thus saving a quarter cent a pound on the duty.

It is probable that Old Town will have a soldiers' monument before long, as a movement has been made in that direction by the members of S. J. Oakes Post and the Woman's Auxiliary.

The suit brought by Lillian Gower (Mme. Nordica) formerly of Maine, for $200,000 against George Lewis Gower, a lawyer, has been dismissed by the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. Gower pays $40,000 to Mme. Nordica.

Thieves raided the hen-roost of Noah Alexander, a farmer living on the outskirts of Richmond village, and stole seventeen hens. Mr. Alexander is aged and crippled, and is having hard work to support a helpless daughter.

Eddie Jackson, son of Dr. Jackson of New York, with his friend Harry Hartwell, also of New York, have been out from Greenville Junction on a hunting expedition, and Saturday Harry came in with a 300 pound caribou.

The stores of S. Norman Buck and F. O. Elliot in Portland, were broken into by five burglars, Sunday morning. Detective Bassett exchanged several shots with them, and received a bullet in the arm. Some cash and a small quantity of goods were taken.

Burglars broke and entered the store of Leavict & Co. in Alfred, Wednesday night, breaking the glass and unbolting the side door. They rifled the money drawers, but secured nothing but some small change, a few cigars and a fine custom made overcoat valued at $40.

Deer are uncommonly plentiful in Kingman, and many are being shot. Three beautiful specimens of the noble denizens of the woods of Maine, came out in the field near the house of Mr. Leonard McMullin last Thursday, and he succeeded in shooting two of them.

Nathan Richards, who died Monday, in the Maine State Prison, aged 76 years, was serving out his eighth sentence. He was born in Wayne, and first went to the prison fifty three years ago, and has been in the prison most of the time since. He was buried in the prison cemetery.

In spite of the terrible storm, Saturday night, burglars at West Gorham cut a hole through the front door of H. R. Colesworthy's store, and effected an entrance. Some $200 worth of clothing, boots and sfoes and small articles were taken. About $3 in change was taken from a drawer belonging to the post office department.

Business is booming in Bluehill. New granite quarries are opening every week. Workmen are in demand. At the Chalk Works a crew are rushing things. Parties are investigating the Douglass mining property. If satisfactory arrangements are arrived at two hundred and fifty men will be put on at once. At the Mineral Spring the increasing orders make things lively.

Thursday Kelley & Spear of Bath, launched the largest four masted schooner afloat, The Glenwood. She is 245.6 feet long, the same as the Governor Ames, and other dimensions are: Breadth, 44.1 feet; debth 20.9 feet; gross tonnage, 1649.34; and net, 1569.42; or 130 tons less than the Ames. She will be managed by Joseph Church of Taunton, Mass.

Wilbert S. Wood, serving under an eight years' sentence for manslaughter, committed at Gardiner in 1885, struck a fellow convict, by the name of Feeley, across the bridge of the nose with a sharp steel instrument, cutting off the bone. No provocation was given and Feeley was struck in an unguarded and cowardly manner while at work in the blacksmith shop. Wood was put in the "dog hole" for punishment.

A big shark washed up on Old Orchard beach, Tuesday. The fish had become entangled in mackerel nets and drowned. He measured nearly ten feet in length, and weighed between 400 and 500 pounds. Some of the men at the beach cut the big fellow up, and were horrified to find in its stomach what is believed to be a human jaw. Fishermen pronounce the shark a genuine "man-eater" of ordinary size.

Mr. Charles M. Vinal of Orono, disagreed Monday, being lost in the woods while hunting in the vicinity of Great Works stream. Search was made that night, but in vain. It was feared that Mr. Vinal had either been killed or badly wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun, or that he had fallen into a hole and been so severely injured as to make walking an impossibility; but on Tuesday he was found by a searching party, very much exhausted.

Mr. Uriah T. Rowe, of Morrill, aged 66 years, went to his pasture to drive home the cows. It appears that the animals wandered into the adjoining pasture of a neighbor. When Mr. Rowe not returning home, his wife became alarmed, and notifying the neighbors search was made for him. The hunt continued until midnight and was unsuccessful. Next morning the body of Mr. Rowe was found in the neighbor's pasture. He probably died from heart disease. His cane was in his hand. Mr. Rowe was the father of Mrs. R. G. Ellis, of Belfast.

Wednesday of last week, a white-whiskered old gentleman committed suicide in Georgetown by jumping from the aqueduct bridge in Georgetown, D. C. The old gentleman was Robert Spear, formerly of Bowdoinham, Me. He was well to do, married and about 68 years old. He had recently shown signs of mental derangement. Mrs. Spear, the suicide's wife, is a second cousin by marriage to Gov. King of Maine, whose statue is in Statuary Hall of the Capitol. The deceased was formerly quite extensively engaged in the shipbuilding business.

A short time ago Sheriff Ham and a constable from Eliot arrested three young men of Kittery, who had been the ringleaders of a number of hoodlums who had been creating a great deal of disturbance in Kittery and Eliot. These young men had been amusing themselves by throwing stones into the windows of a church during service, firing off pistols and uttering profane language until they had closed a church in Kittery. Then, longing for new worlds to conquer, they turned their attention to Eliot and did their best to break up an entertainment in that town, held in aid of the Eliot Library Association. They were put before the court, and one was fined $14, while the other two paid $8 each.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

A little four-years-old, while viewing the cemetery with his mother, noticed two gravestones which were moss-covered and in a dilapidated condition, and said: "Mamma, I dess there must be tramps buried there."

The new gunboat Concord will be tested next week. She must show on her trial trip, a horse power of 3400, or her builders will lose $100 for every horse power lacking, and if she shows a higher power her builders will be correspondingly rewarded.

Gen. Dumont, Chief Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels, in his annual report declares that no other mode of travel, even the common farm wagon, presents so low a percentage of accidents as travel by steam vessels.

Probably no State in the Union can show such a rapid growth as South Dakota, during the past ten years. The census shows a population of 327,848, an increase of 220,580 or 235.25 per cent.

Items of General News

McDoel won the fourth heat and race in the unfinished 2.19 class at Lexington, Ky., last week; time, 2.15½.

Stanley and his wife sail for New York, to begin his lecture tour in America, on the Teutonic, on October 29.

The storm of Sunday and Monday was very severe along the Atlantic coast, and much damage was done the shipping.

Daniel H. Wilson, a Boston expressman, killed his wife instantly, Saturday, while despondent, and then shot himself. He will probably die.

Etna is in a state of eruption. The whole eastern side of the mountain is covered with a thick layer of cinders. The top is invisible.

A. B. Mullet, one of the best known architects of Washington, and for many years supervising architect of the Treasury Department, committed suicide on Tuesday, by shooting.

The R. G. Peters Salt and Lumber Company of Manistee, Mich., has assigned; assets about $3,000,000; liabilities $1,500,000. Other firms are carried down with them in the general disaster.

Clarence Horton, 13 years of age, fell out of a three story window in the Belvidere mill at Lowell, Mass., Thursday noon, and was so mangled that a fatal result is feared.

Further particulars from the interior of West Virginia, show that in Braxton county great losses were sustained by farmers and lumbermen by the cloud burst of Sunday.

Numerous hog pens have so poisoned the air and water in the village of Hamburg, N. J., that malignant dysentery has attacked 45 persons, killing 20. Other villages in Sussex county are troubled similarly.

The White River Utes have crossed from Utah into Colorado, and are killing sheep and cattle belonging to ranchmen in Route county. Secretary Noble has been asked by Governor Cooper to take steps to have the depredations stopped.

Rev. Emory J. Haynes, the popular and able pastor of the church worshipping at Tremont Temple, Boston, has resigned, as not being able to perform the work demanded of him. A strong effort will be made to retain his services.

A telegram from Santiago de Cuba announces that a fatal explosion occurred in the Juragua mine, Thursday. As far as known, two persons were killed and five injured. It is feared that other victims are buried under the debris.

The first test consignment of Canadian eggs reached the London market, Tuesday, in excellent condition. They will bear favorable comparison with Normandy eggs. Several cases found buyers at 10 shillings per hundred. The top price for the best eggs on the market is 11 shillings.

An explosion occurred in the Bessemer department of the Otis Steel Works in Cleveland, O., Thursday. The roof was torn from the mill and the building ignited. A score of men were more or less seriously injured. Firemen quickly subdued the flames.

William Budd, a prominent farmer and president of the Farmers' Alliance in Boone county, Ohio, started Monday night for his home in Lebanon, to prevent his wife from applying for a divorce. Word reached him just before he arrived there that she had made the application, whereupon he dropped from his horse dead.

Pete McCortney, one of the most famous counterfeiters in the United States, died at Columbus, Ohio, Tuesday. He was serving a ten years' sentence. His most successful work was on government bonds, and his mark was a $1,000 United States bond so perfect that it was redeemed at the treasury.

By the action of the Lincoln Monument Association, the remains of Young Abraham Lincoln, son of Minister Robert L. Lincoln, who died in England, will undoubtedly soon will be interred beside those of his illustrious grandparent. Mr. Lincoln has written friends that he will be home during the coming November, and the interment will likely take place then.

Tuesday, every window glass factory in Findlay, Ohio, went into the new trust organized to control the production and sale of window glass. The trust embraces all the window glass houses in the United States west of Pittsburg, with a single exception, that at Galena, O. The effect of this combination will be to increase the cost of glass because it prevents any competition.

The will of Mrs. Eliza Osgood, daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, was filed for probate, Friday. The decedent gave $25,000 to her maid, $5,000 to her butler, $10,000 to a trusted clerk of her father's, $1,000 to every servant who has been in her service for two years, and $20,000 to the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind. The bequests to relatives are numerous.

A fearful cyclone passed just west of Maxton, N. C., about 4 o'clock, Thursday afternoon. At Hasty, several houses were blown down and one person was killed and several injured. At Floral College, the storm was very severe, blowing down the belfry of the Presbyterian church, demolishing one house and many trees, and severely if not fatally injuring two persons. McKannon's saw mill was ruined and one laborer seriously injured.

Carleton Stebbins, a farmer, 80 years old, living near Palmer, Mass., was swindled out of $2,800 by two men who pretended they wanted to buy his farm. They lured him to a hotel and had a game by which he won $2,800. Before they got paid him, Stebbins was told that he must show that he was worth a like amount. He drove with the sharpers to Palmer and drew $1400 from a bank there, thence to Monson where he drew the same amount. The sharpers gave him a tin box full of leaves and went away with the money.

There was a panic with probable loss of life in the Stanislaus Roman Catholic church at Chicago, Friday morning. The first step in the panic was taken by a baby in the arms of a dilapidated condition, and said: "Mamma, I dess there must be tramps burned there."

The largest plush manufacturers in England talk of coming over here and establishing mills.

A Tampa, Fla., hotel is called the Boose House. The natives often Tampa with the Booze.

HEART FAILURE.

Weak Heart, Shattered Nerves and Nervous Prostration the Trouble with Thousands.

Failure or weakness of heart action is becoming a very prevalent disease. It is a *most serious* and *dangerous condition* to be in, and gradually runs into *palpitation, spasms or neuralgia of the heart, total exhaustion of nerve power, or sudden death.* At the first sign of these dread diseases every one should *immediately seek a cure,* and not wait until the fatal symptoms point unmistakably to disease.

The first symptoms may be very slight and apparently trivial. But **do not fail to heed them if you value your life.** They often begin with a *nervousness and weakness, a trembling or strange fatal feeling,* with *tendency to giddiness.* As the disease increases those symptoms grow in intensity and will be accompanied by *dizziness, swimming of the head, fluttering or palpitation* in the left side of the chest, *shortness of breath, a sinking sensation, coldness of the feet and legs.* There is often also a *feeling of apprehension or anxiety,* as of impending danger, and a tendency to *drowsiness during the day and sleeplessness at night.*

A little over-exertion, excitement or emotion may bring on the attacks at any time. Sudden rising from a stooping or reclining position will cause dizziness, and rapidly climbing stairs will make the heart palpitate, produce weakness and shortness of breath. In some cases there are pains in the region of the heart, *but in most cases there is no pain whatever.*

If you are afflicted by these symptoms lose no time in seeking a cure, for a cure is not only possible, but sure, if you use Dr. Greene's Nervura, the great and wonderful discovery for heart, brain and nerves. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and its use offers the only sure hope of curing these terrible diseases and averting the fatal result. It is, we unhesitatingly affirm, a remedy of so great merit and marvellous virtues that no sufferer should neglect to use it. If a safe and sure cure is desired. It is for sale by all druggists at $1 per bottle.

No Other Remedy in the World Ever Had Such a Testimonial.

For the benefit of those who may be suffering and fail to find relief, I desire to state my case. For over a year I suffered from a **HEART DISEASE,** a constant pain, with severe attacks of palpitation, *until I anticipated a sudden death at any time.* I became **weak and debilitated,** with a **loss of energy, despondency, &c.** Hearing Dr. Greene lecture, he strongly recommended the medition that I determined to try Dr. Greene's Nervura. **My improvement has been continuous and rapid.** I have taken five bottles, and the pain and palpitation are gone. I sleep well, have an excellent appetite, and feel well.

S. A. DYSART,
Noriondale, York Co., N. B.

Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. tia discoverer, is the famous specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted special attention to the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases through letter correspondence, and will give to all his patients careful advice in any case free of charge. The perfection of this system renders a complete cure almost assured, as his success in treatment by correspondence is wonderful and unequalled. Send for symptom blank to fill out, or write him about your case.

PATRONS IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, AND THEIR WORK. In answer to an urgent call from the patrons of Washington, a week was spent visiting the subordinate Granges, and becoming acquainted with the earnest workers in the cause in the eastern portion of that county. This is a county of magnificent distances, and with quite a per cent. of the territory without special attractions. The hills are rounded ridges, and along the shores of the ponds, are good farms, with smooth, attractive fields. Another trouble entering to disturb is a divided sentiment as to the value of agriculture, profession, trade, &c., divided interest. Where men are farmers, they question far less than where the farms receive but a fraction of labor and attention.

In the beautiful October days with which we were favored, the drives through the woods and along the shores of the beautiful ponds, as well as over the high hills, were full of interest and beauty. The rich, autumnal coloring, the varied tints of the leaves of the maples, and the varied hues completed a picture of surpassing loveliness. Our first day was spent with the new Grange at Alexander, Brother Worthy ex-Lecturer Barnes, and though unable to secure the attendance of patrons for a Grange session in the afternoon, a hall well filled with young people greeted us in the evening. Surely here is a good field for agricultural work, and no where can better material be found out of which to build a strong, active, working Grange. The interest was kept up by sustaining not as their families, to unite their efforts for the promotion of the principles upon which the entire order rests. At the close of the public meeting, an hour was spent with the patrons, discussing the outlook and steps necessary to be taken. Though few in number, a determined spirit was manifest, and this will insure success.

Driving to Crawford, another small Grange was found, where there is room for a largely increased membership. A building has been purchased and torn down, to be moved and again erected upon a lot already secured. After an evening spent in discussing the work, a brother made the Grange an offer which seemed to us all that could be desired, and we hope soon to announce the fact that Crawford Grange owns its own hall. Having this, a long stride will be taken towards prosperity.

Driving to Princeton, the home of the Worthy County Deputy, we found an enthusiastic Grange, the members out in numbers to the private session in the afternoon. The hall is in the second story of the school house, about two miles from the village; was finished by the Grange, and has advanced another cent during the week. Fresh Western and Provincial sold yesterday at 23½@24 cents, and market closed firm. Eastern fresh ruled at 24@25 cents, and fancy new laid were in demand at 28@30c per dozen. The supply of desirable stock is getting short. Ice house stock ranges from 19@21c.

Potatoes have been arriving in better condition and the market has recovered its healthy tone. Sales of choice hebrons and rose at 65 to 70 cents per bushel.

Apples have not changed much in price during the week. No. 1 baldwins rule at $3 to $3.20 per barrel, and a few fancy varieties command $4.00. Mixed lots go off at $2 to $3 per barrel.

HAY. Choice hay meets with a good sale at $16@$16 50 per ton, but other grades are plentiful and slow at $12@$15 per ton. Rye straw commands $16@$18 per ton.

Report of Union Stock Market.

WATERTOWN, Oct. 21, 1890.

The following is the Watertown live stock market report for the week ending Oct. 21, 1890:

Amount of stock in market—Cattle, 3,112; lambs, 13,853; swine, 33,950 Maine sent 155 cattle, 1,240 lambs, 80 calves.

Cattle steady in values. Sheep and lambs rule steady. Old sheep a trifle quicker. Fat hogs in demand at firm rates. Veal calves move unchanged. Milch cows dull of sale. Horses in moderate demand, if quality is a little off. Live poultry steady at last week's rates.

REMARKS.

The trade and traffic was in much the same position as last week. Western steers were selling readily—what were not engaged for the export trade. Prices obtained being fully equal to the highest grades at market. Stock especially well fatted and a credit to the feeder and buyer. The uproad cattle sold in small lots, according to quality.

Friend Hathaway keeps the grass down at these yards. The yards are well occupied, and he has sold several bunches, the best at 5¾c, average weight 1700 lbs.; next best at 5¾c, averaged weight 1600 lbs.; sales at 4c, average weight 1300 lbs.; 11 head at $3.90, average weight 1170 lbs.; some 1100-lb. steers at 3¼@3½c.

Uproad Cattle—A. Gross sold 13 steers of 3 years old, average weight 1100 lbs., at 3c live weight.

F. Fairbanks sold 13 good steers, average weight 1100 lbs., at 3¾c, dead weight.

Loss of other sales from 2¾c@3½c, live weight.

Quotations: A few choice, $6@6 50, dead weight; extra lots, $5.50@5.75; fair to good cattle, $4.50@5.35; common cows, stags, etc., $4@4.50

There is no let up to the sheep supply. We find this week at these yards 13,583 head of these lambs, and they hold quite a companion position to the 27,000 that were sold by city buthers in large numbers; 10,000 a week is not a small supply for the city of Boston to consume. Prices this week are steady. Sheep very heavy and lambs a little more freely than last week. The eastern lambs, 1200 head, or near that number, sold at 6c, live weight, average weight 68 lbs.

Canada lambs sold at 6@6¼c, where the quality was all right; 6¼c was considered the top of the market except for

Married.

In this city, Oct. 18, by S. Thomas, Esq., Ivory Avery to Statira Gordon, both of Hallowell.

In Brownville, Oct. 4, Frank W. Powers of Brownville, to Lizzie M. Thomas of Lincoln; Oct. 5, Edwin A. Chase to Minnie A. Crosby, youngest daughter of Dr. Crosby, all of Brownville.

In Belfast, Oct. 15, Waldo B. Newton of Boston, to Annie E. Gilmore of Belfast; Oct. 14, Samuel Hodgkinson to Amy E. Danforth, both of Belfast.

In Brewer, Oct. 11, Thomas McClelland to Ellen Stubbert, both of Brewer; Oct. 11, Lewis M. Cowin to Julia A. McGill, both of Brewer.

In Bar Harbor, Oct. 5, Lieut. Ludwig Paul Carl Klipfel of Hanover, Germany, to Elizabeth H. Elwood of Rochester, N. Y.

In Bath, Oct. 11, George H. Chambers to Carrie A. Varney.

In Cushing, Sept. 27, Darius N. Montgomery to May Kelleran, both of Cushing.

In Cape Elizabeth, Oct. 14, Charles Libby of Cape Elizabeth, to Louisa Spear of Newcastle, N. B.

In Castine, Oct. 11, Sewall Perkins to Lettie Douglas, both of Castine.

In Cherryfield, Sept. 27, Lyan G. Haycock to Alice Teenas, both of Cherryfield.

In Dover, Oct. 13, Fred A. Crockett of Williman tic, to Annie H. Knowlton of Dover.

In Deer Isle, Oct. 5, Frank H. Harding of Sedgwick, to Cora L. Torrey of Deer Isle.

In East Machias, Oct. 4, Frank P. Day of Cooper, to Mattie S. Bancroft of East Machias; Oct. 7, Charles N. Maker to Lena M. Corbett, both of Cutler.

In Eaton, Oct. 4, Herbert F. Springer of Eaton, to Lida E. Morrisey of Crawford.

In Fairfield, Oct. 11, Geo. C. Small to Caddie A. Soule, both of Fairfield; Oct 14, Kennet E. Warren of Pittsfield, to Carrie L. Linscott of Benton.

In Farmington, Oct. 11, Edward B. Jennings of Farmington, to Lilla E. Allen, adopted daughter of E. F. Littlefield of Wilton.

In Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, Oct. 5, Lewis Green to Bessie Brown, both of Grand Harbor.

In Gardiner, Oct. 3, John Jacobs to Alice M. Sprague.

In Hartford, Conn., Oct. 2, John Boardman Benner to Laura Ludwig.

In Jackson, Oct. 9, Fred P. Emery to Annie Larrabee, both of Monroe.

In Kenduskeag, Oct. 15, James McCorrison of Dover, to Lydia A. Haley of Kenduskeag.

In Lewiston, Oct. 11, Thomas Obread to Mrs. Ann Wild; Oct. 13, Thomas Madigan to Margaret G. astl, both of Lewiston.

In Livermore, Oct. 15, Freeman J. Bridgham to Miss Amanda B. Tobin, both of Hartford.

In Lamoine, Oct. 11, George F. Wooster to Lillie M. Young, both of Lamoine.

In Lynn, Mass., Oct. 11, Charles B. Knight of Portland, Me., to Lulie W. Roche of Lynn.

In Lincoln, Oct. 9, Wood C. Palmer to Sobrina C. McLane.

In Limington, Oct. 14, Charles H. Shuban of Bakersfield, Cal., to Sadie V. Foss of Limington.

In Middlebury, Conn., Warren F. Post of East Machias, to Klule M. Stuart of Machiasport.

In Madison, Oct. 13, by Rev. S. F. Emerson, Richard H. Marble of Harmony, to Mrs. Sophia F. Whitaker of Skowhegan.

In Nobleboro, Oct. 11, Ibra Sidelinger to Maggie M. Burnett, both of Nobleboro.

In North Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 8, George H. Hutchins of Cambridge, to Mary A. Young of North Cambridge.

In Oakland, Oct. 11, Charles L. Kimball of Waterville, to Grace L. Merrill of Oakland.

In Orrington, Oct. 9, Charles L. Card of New Haven, Conn., to Miss Ella M. Pond of East Orrington.

In Portland, Oct. 11, Miles J. Mullis of Gorham, to Ida M. Hubbard of Portland; Oct. 15, Granville C. Horr to Mrs. Jennie L. Whitehouse, both of Portland.

In Rockland, Oct. 2, G. E. Folsom of Cambridge, to Marcia L. Ham of Parkman.

In Phipsburg, Oct. 11, William R. Bowker to Abbie E. Wallace, both of Phipsburg.

In Rockland, Oct. 11, Wm. J. Anderson to Maggie Bleiler, both of Rockland.

In Sullivan, Sept. 21, Perley P. Pond of Sullivan, to Ida M. Whitcomb of Gouldsboro.

In Saco, Oct. 11, Milo L. Decker of Biddeford, to Marie H. Shaw of Saco.

In Temple, Oct. 16, Willis P. Searles to Laura B. Chandler, both of Temple.

In Topsham, Oct. 5, Walter S. Sinnett to Lucy E. Johnson, both of Harpswell.

In Thomaston, Oct. 8, James B. Brown of Omaha, Neb., to Annie B., daughter of the late Capt. Jas. Henderson of Thomaston; Oct. 8, Henry C. Moody of Thomaston, to Miss Ella Starrett, daughter of the late Capt. Artemas Watts of Thomaston.

In Vinalhaven, Oct. 11, Herman Arey to Mary C. Smith, both of Vinalhaven.

In Waterville, Oct. 14, Frank Redington to Carrie M. Foster, both of Waterville.

In Winterport, Oct. 8, Allen Whitmore to Mary A. Chase, both of Winterport.

In West Kennebunk, Oct. 12, John E. Waterhouse to Julia E. Thompson, both of West Kennebunk.

Died.

In this city, Oct. 15, Mrs. Fanny, wife of Edward Calahan, formerly of Auburn, aged 70 years.

In this city, Oct. 15, Tabitha M. Day, wife of George Day, aged 81 years, 10 months.

In this city, Oct. 17, Joseph Farnham, aged 62 years, 9 months.

In this city, Oct. 18, W. H. Wilson, aged 29 years.

In Bluehill, Sept. 8, Mrs. Jane, wife of Enra F. Bridgham, aged 45 years.

In Biddeford, Oct. 15, Mrs. Eliza D. Lowell, aged 86 years; Oct. 15, Mrs. Sarah W. Andrews, aged 66 years; Oct. 15, Mrs. Susan Hamilton, aged 76 years.

In Bingham, Oct. 7, Mrs. Ada V., wife of Dr. F. A. Hinckley, aged 23 years, 10 months.

In Belfast, Oct. 14, Lena P., wife of Charles W. Frederick, aged 27 years, 2 months; Oct. 14, George O. Littlefield, aged 40 years, 9 months; Oct. 15, Mrs. Martha J. Smalley, aged 91 years, 2 months.

In Bluehill, Oct. 9, Mary Ellen, infant daughter Fred Fulonton, son of Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Mason; Oct. 16, Frances A. Farrell, daughter of J. H. and Hannah Farrell; Oct. 17, Mary Alice, infant daughter of Patrick and Mary Hardiman; Oct. 17, Adelgail Palmer, aged 88 years; Oct. 15, George Martin, aged 65 years.

In Clinton, Oct. 11, Mrs. Elmira Gerald, aged 72 years, 4 months; Oct. 12, Mrs. Sophia Jewett, widow of the late Charles Jewett, aged 74 years.

In Casinia, Oct. 4, Mrs. Lucy A. Bacon, aged 87 years, 8 months; Oct. 10, Lena S. Spearin, aged 24 years, 4 months.

In Cape Elizabeth, Oct. 15, Reuben Dyer, aged 54.

In Charlotte, Oct. 11, Julia F. James, aged 18 yrs., 9 months.

In Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 11, Anna M. Field, formerly of Portland, aged 55 years.

In Deer Island, Oct. 13, Mary A. Adams, aged 81 years, 6 months.

In Ellsworth, Oct. 8, Mrs. Sallie F. Black, aged 65 years, 9 months; Oct. 10, Mrs. Jane M. Brown, aged 80 years, 2 months; Oct. 11, Jane King, aged 88 years, 10 months.

In Eastport, Oct. 13, Thomas E. McNally, aged 33 years; Oct. 11, Henry Ross, aged 70 years.

In Fairbanks, Oct. 12, Mrs. J. Heinz, wife of Charles A. Carville, aged 49 years, 8 months.

In Farmington, Oct. 14, Mrs. Sarah Gale, aged 41 years, 3 months.

In Garland, Oct. 10, Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Jonathan C. Davis, aged 84 years.

In Greene, Oct. 12, Della A., wife of J. H. Peverly, aged 27 years, 6 months.

In Garden Park, Colo., Oct. 4, Mrs. Marla Drummond Huss, daughter of the late Capt. Jason Drummond, aged 35 years.

In Gardiner, Oct. 13, Izora M. Colby, aged 24 yrs.

In Harrison, Oct. 6, Mrs. Sally Kimball.

In Island Falls, Oct. 7, Mrs. C. A. May, aged 54.

In Islesboro, Oct. 13, William Allen, aged 70 yrs.

Oct. 8, Mrs. Leslie Roleroon, aged 35 years; Oct. 13, Mrs. Daniel Haynes, aged 60 years.

In Kittery, Oct. 8, Porter Fletcher, aged 50 yrs.

In Lewiston, Oct. 8, Mrs Mary A., widow of the late David Rose, aged 70 years; Oct. 13, Mrs. Lucinda Cheetham, aged 61 years, 7 months; Oct. 14, Mrs. Marie Wilbur, aged 69 years, wife of J. N. L'Heureux (Mrs. Joe Happy), aged 33 years.

In Milltown, Oct. 9, Margaret L. Glew, aged 46 years, 9 months; Oct. 8, Thos. Donovan, aged 3 months; Oct. 14, Benj. Mylen, aged 44 years.

In Merrill, Oct. 7, Mrs. Mary Sweeney, aged 71 yrs.; Robert Cashman, aged 87 years; Oct. 5, Uriah T. Rowe, aged 66 years.

In Milbridge, Oct. 4, John H. Foster, aged about 40 years.

In North Saco, Oct. 13, Leonard Lord, aged 83.

In Ogden, Utah, Oct. 2, Mrs Rosa A. Hewett, wife of Arthur A. Hewett, formerly of South Livermore, Me., aged 29 years.

In Orland, Oct. 4, Capt. George Hancock, aged 77.

In Portland, Oct. 15, Mrs. Ann Sullivan, aged 79 years, 7 months; Oct. 12, Capt. Moses Starling, aged 54 years, 8 months; Oct. 28, Albert A. Colley, aged 56 years; Oct. 17, Mrs. Mary Gerrish, aged 72 years, 6 months; Oct. 15, Frank C. Emery, aged 61 years; Oct. 17, Mrs. Sarah Jane Hall, wife of Silas F. Hentress, aged 75 years, 9 months; Oct. 17, Mary, wife of Peter Clasberry, aged 74 years; Oct. 14, Stephen C. Brown, aged 9 years.

In Rumford, Oct. 9, Mrs. Wealthy Thompson, aged 80 years.

In Randolph, Oct. 8, Charles B. Patterson, aged 58 years.

In Rockland, Oct. 14, Maynard Sumner, aged about 70 years; Oct. 14, Eben C. Polk of Baring, aged 68 years; Oct. 5, at the U. S. Marine Hospital, William Taylor, of schooner Mary Clark of Gloucester, a native of Newfoundland, aged 45 years; Oct. 9, John McArdle, aged 67 years; Oct. 9, Hosea West, aged 70 years, 11 months.

In Saco, Oct. 11, Melville M. Eldion, aged 43 years, 8 months.

In South Lubec, Oct. 7, John Wallace, aged 68.

In Sedgwick, Oct. 4, Mrs. Irene Lufkin, aged 82.

In Solon, Oct. 11, Daniel Roberts, aged 78 years, 7 months.

In Sherman, Oct. 1, Charles H. Jackman, aged 64 years, 3 months, member Co. C, 29th Reg. Me. Vols.

In Sullivan, Oct. 11, Mrs. Nancy Bean, widow of the late John Bean, aged 88 years.

In San Francisco, William Norwood, formerly of Camden, Me.

In Temple, Oct. 7, Mary Pratt of Woburn, Mass., aged 90 years.

In Turner, Oct. 14, W. L. Blossom, aged 35 years.

In Thomaston, Sept. 30, Mrs. Mary J. Tilson, aged 76 years; Oct. 13, Frank A. Mank, aged about 42.

In West Gray, Oct. 15, Emily, daughter of Geo. H. and Georgie Freeman, aged 1 year, 1 month.

In West Baldwin, Oct. 14, Edna M. Rounds, aged 11 years, 5 months.

In Waldoboro, Oct. 11, Mrs. Sarah White, aged 93 years, 6 months; Oct. 11, Jeremiah Grover, aged 74 years, 3 months.

In Westbrook, Oct. 7, Charles S. Jordan, son of the late Elder M. Jordan, aged 44 years, 6 months.

In Wales, Sept. 24, Mrs. Lucy A. Jones, aged 83.

In Windham, Sept. 24, Grover C., only son of Frank M. and the late Ella A. Cobb, aged 5 years, 10 months.

In Washington, Oct. 9, Sanborn Howard, aged about 75 years.

In West Peru, Sept. 25, Mrs. Lydia L. Tucker, aged 78 years.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, yield to the powerful effects of this medicine. It thoroughly removes every impurity from the blood.

Scrofula

Orders for medicines by mail given prompt and careful attention by

FRANK R. PARTRIDGE,
PROPRIETOR OF
THE FULLER DRUG STORE,
(ESTABLISHED 1819.)
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had 7 running scrofula sores. One physician advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. When we began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, a marked improvement was noticed and by a continued use of it her recovery was complete. And she is now, being seven years old, strong and healthy." B. C. JONES, Alza, Lincoln County, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Brighton Cattle Market.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 21, 1890.

Amount of live stock at market—297 cattle, 2182 sheep and lambs, 62 veals, 105 swine, 139 horses, 37 Western cattle, 1822 Western sheep and lambs, 260 Northern cattle, 20 Eastern cattle, 360 sheep.

What few western cattle landed, and these were owned by C. W. Hammond, were for slaughter. Those from the North and East consisted principally of milch cows and store cattle.

The cattle trade was active, with steady values, from 2½@6c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Arrivals mostly from the West and consigned to butchers, cost-ly. Sheep, 4½@5c per lb; lambs 6¼@7c per lb., handed at the yards.

Prices of Northern and Eastern beef cattle, live weight, ranged from $2 50@3 75 per cwt.; dressed weight $3 50@6 00 per cwt.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22.

APPLES—$2 00@3 00 per bbl.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $3 00@3 50 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $3 00@3 20.

BUTTER—Best, 20@22c per lb.; fair to good, 18@19c.

EGGS—21@22c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10@11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 11@13c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 40@45c per bushel.

HAY—$9@10 per ton; best bales, $12@13.

CORN—66c; meal, 62c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 50@55c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 5@5½c. Chicken, 25@28c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c; Turkeys, none in market.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Oct. 21.

CATTLE—Receipts 11,000; shipments 3000; slow, steady to lower; steers at 3 00@5 00; cows, bulls and mixed, —; TEXANS at 2 40@3 20; range, 2 60@3 55.

HOGS—Receipts 34,000; shipments 8000; opened higher, closing weak; prime heavy and butcher weights, 3 45@4 50; light 4 15@4 35; pigs 3 00@3 50.

SHEEP—Receipts 9,000; shipments —; steady with fair demand; natives at 4 25@4 85; Westerns at 4 25@4 50; lambs 4 85@6 75.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.

United States Bonds, 3's,

"	"	New 4s, (reg.)	123¾
"	"	" (coup.)	123¾
"	"	New 4½, (reg.)	104¾
"	"	4½, (coup.)	104¾
"	"	Pacific 1sts.	110¾

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians have agreed to sell to the government 3,000,000 acres of land in their Territory.

SPEAK-

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

October.

I stand by my sitting room window,
And gaze, with a heart filled with love,
At the wonderful beauties of nature,
Bestowed by our Father above.
And naught that His bounty hath given,
More beautiful is to behold,
Than the autumn-clad trees of the forest,
Resplendent with crimson and gold.
O! trees of the mellow October,
Ah! why must your beauty decay?
And why the chill winds of November,
Sweep all your bright beauty away!

Too fair is their beauty to linger,
Too gorgeous their plumage to stay;
They smile as they bid us good morning,
Then falter, and fall by the way.
Even now is their beauty departing,
We bid it farewell with a sigh,
And wait for their coming in spring-time,
When again they shall blossom—to die!
O! leaves of the mellow October,
Ah! why must your glory decay?
And why the chill winds of November,
Sweep all your bright beauty away!

Patten, Oct., 1890. D. A. GRANT.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

SKETCHES OF ARMY LIFE.

Death—the Execution—Punishment for Desertion.

Among the pictures of army life and war experience, there are sketches of lighter shades and of somber tones. Battle and its casualties are sad. Death or mutilation, no matter when or in what form, always shocks the sensibilities and ranks harshly on the feelings. It has, perhaps, less of the fearful about it when the combat is on and the blood is up. It is not felt, then, in its terrors by the survivors, as later, when the calm is settled and the reaction asserts its away. The penalty of desertion in face of the enemy is death.

As we remember Nov. 6th, 1864, having no notes or data at hand to establish the time, a deserter was shot to death out in front of our works on Chopin's farm by order, and the execution was witnessed by the whole division. A young man from Battery E, 3d U. S. Artillery, left his command, stationed a little distance to our right in the line of works, and came to our Regiment and stopped in one of Co. C's tents with two of the company's men. He was there several days. His officers missing him, search was made, and enquiries resulted in finding him, and his arrest. He was taken to Gen. Butler's headquarters and in due time court martialed and sentenced to be shot. It appeared in evidence, it seems, that he talked with the Co. C men about going out to their post when their turn on picket came, and being allowed to pass out and over to the enemy. However, it seemed sufficient, whatever evidence was brought against him, to influence the court martial to the sentence rendered. There were some strange things about both the man's proceedings and the court martial's, so far as we were never able to learn and see them. Of course we do not propose to take ground against or for either party, but to simply record our information, observation and impressions of the same.

We know little of the soldier, his previous record, his good or bad qualities. But it has always seemed to us, and we regretted then, that a milder sentence had not been deemed best. The soldier had not deserted to the enemy, whatever his intentions may have been. He was a veteran, serving a second enlistment. He had left his command without orders or permission and gone to another organization. He was absent without leave, but at the front and within our lines. We do not know his excuse or provocation for leaving his battery. We have always had doubts about his full sanity and consequently responsibility at the time. Many men were rendered partially insane by varieties of causes in the service, sunstroke, injury to head or vicinity, melancholia, home sickness, injustice, or mental depression from one cause and another.

The day of execution arrived. The order had been read previously on dress parade. The regiments were formed in brigade, brigades in division, and marched to the field. The two firing squads of twelve men each, detailed from the companies, composed of the men of the supposed greatest nerve, their rifles, eleven in each squad loaded with ball cartridge, the twelfth being blank, were under command of officers detailed for that purpose. The Division was formed in double line on three sides of the square. The band playing the dead march headed the mournful procession, then came the dead cart containing the coffin, then the prisoner closely guarded by his escort with fixed bayonets, then the firing squad with arms reversed. Our ranks were opened and the procession moved between the lines. The band ceased being about faced. In the mean time, an officer with detail were engaged in preparing the grave near the center of the open end of the square. By the time the procession had traversed its rounds between the lines, the grave was prepared and the cart halting near it, the coffin was placed in it and on the upturned earth. The cart drove away. The prisoner was then placed in front of the coffin, facing inward, the firing squad was drawn up in double line, the first some four rods from the prisoner, the second squad a few paces in their rear.

The ranks of the lines were closed and every soldier stood as a statue in his tracks. The officer in charge, stepped in front of the prisoner and read the order for his execution, in a clear voice heard by all, ending with "Prisoner have you anything to say, etc.?" The prisoner took a half step forward, raised his head proudly, and assembled ranks, a look to earth and sun and sky, and with a salute to the officer, began:

"Comrades, it is hard to die by your hands. I could have met death in battle or by the enemy with pleasure in comparison. I am no deserter! I scorn the epithet! I left my command; I had good reasons for it. I could have gone to the enemy a thousand times in the past, had I desired to do so. I am twenty-four years of age and shall leave a widowed mother. I enlisted in ——— and served my time. I then enlisted in the battery and have always tried to do my duty. I bear no one ill will."

This is the substance of what he said; and as he ceased talking the officer stepped forward to blindfold him; he waved him back with the bandage, saying—"No matter about that, I shall not flinch." The officer stepped back, the prisoner cast a look behind him and stepped forward a bit, measuring with his eye his length from the coffin. Assuming the position of a soldier, he placed his right hand over his heart and said in a low, clear voice to the squad, "Boys, put straight for here" and his hand fell to its place by his side.

"Ready!—Aim!—Fire!"

The twelve rifles spoke together, as one. The blue smoke curled up, the moment and it was gone. The prisoner fell over backward with the force of the bullets, with a dull thud. The surgeons sprang forward and compressed his body, opening his blouse and shirt, to examine his whole breast. The music struck up and we marched by that sad spectacle. Hardly a bullet had missed his breast. Death had been instantaneous, as it were. The prisoner was put into the coffin; as the last file passed by, the coffin closed, lowered and the earth covered his remains ere we were back in our company streets again.

A few weeks later five were shot for desertion on the same field. We were spared seeing this administration of discipline—justice or otherwise—by reason of absence in another regiment at the time.

One day several men from Co. A went away and were gone at roll call. They went to visit some comrades in another regiment, and on return to camp were halted by the guard and put in the guard-house. The Captain decided to give them a salutary lesson, and so ordered them on a "knapsack drill" in front of the quarters, with eight bricks in each knapsack, where they were kept marching back and forth for four hours. This was a favorite punishment with some of the officers. I don't remember that we had a case of such punishment in our company, and we got along nicely without it. Our Captain was seldom with less than a pint of commissary whiskey in him, and he was a kind officer. The boys used to say that he didn't hold enough by two quarts to get him drunk. There were two points where he was cross. These were when he had too little, and the other where he had too much whiskey aboard. Our First Lieutenant was absent, and the second was of little force or consequence. So between the Captain and First Sergeant we got along finely, and were well cared for, and never had much cause to complain.

We had a big French Canadian tied up one day in front of the guard-house by the thumbs. He was a hard drinker, and would absorb himself full whenever he could get it, like a sponge, so he had to be disciplined. He was drawn up just so he could stand on tiptoe, and allowed the choice to stand there or hang by his thumbs. He was just roaring drunk, and on being thus arranged set up a chorus of howls that would have caused a Canadian Indian to die with envy. This he kept up, alternated by quotations that would ruin the sale and usefulness of any Sabbath School book, and that made the air blue and sulphurous. After a time he howled the whiskey out of him. Its subsidence in effect could be measured by the subsidence of his vocal performances. By and by he was quiet; then he burst out in a doleful strain, cried, moaned, and wailed his hard fate, and eventually grew quiet, promised to let drink alone, and was released,—to probably break his parole, and get drunk again at the first opportunity. If the commissary officer had been there every time they sold whiskey enough to a soldier to make him under its influence, we think a reform would have been sooner reached. One could hardly expect for men to be total abstainers when a majority of the officers drank. If we knew the lives whiskey was responsible for, the sacrifices it cost in the war, the mistakes and blunders committed through its agency, the men it ruined, if not killed, I think the most incredulous would be astonished, and the largest estimates found none to large to cover actual facts.

One of our men was sent one day from the company ranks to wash his face and clean his clothing and gun. The Captain was inspecting the company in the company street, preparatory to regimental inspection. All passed off well until he came to Briggs. Taking his gun, he said, looking at him:

"Washed your face, Briggs, ain't you?"

"Ya-a-s," drawled Briggs.

"Looks pretty well," said the Captain. But just then he got a glimpse of Briggs' ears, large, generous and well arched, the insides of which were innocent of cleaning for many a day. The Captain's pleased look evaporated.

"Here, Briggs, you haven't washed out them ears," throwing his gun back. "Go and wash out your ears, get them clean, brush up your clothes, and then grind up that gun," and he went on with the inspection.

Briggs did not get his ears washed out, clothes brushed and gun brightened up until long after the company got back from inspection. Briggs was of that slow, obtuse kind that get around slowly with their hands or mind. The man, after a time, fell homesick, it grew upon him, he took less and less care of himself, lost what little pride, ambition or energy he had, was sent to the hospital, sunk away and died, from no other cause than homesickness. Many a man died in the army from this same wasting disease, that no medical aid could arrest or drive away. PRIVATE.

CAPTAIN LE MAR'S STORY.

One bright autumn morning, many years ago, a funeral procession wound its way through the streets of St. Sauveur, towards the small but well cared for cemetery.

It was a soldier's funeral. A guard walked beside the flower-strewn bier. Two by two, with bent heads, the soldiers followed it. The muffled drums beat heavily.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," they seemed to say.

Women looked from their windows as the sad procession marched on.

"He is gone at last, this poor Captain Le Mar!" said one.

"And a happy release for him!" sighed another.

"Never did a brave soldier live with so many wounds, such dreadful mutilations. Yet he was handsome still—a beautiful face; I saw it in the coffin," said another.

Then they crossed themselves and went back to work.

Only one of those soldiers returned to the house in which their dead comrade had dwelt, after the ceremonies were over. It was the Colonel of the regiment.

To him, in his dying hours, poor Le Mar had given a little note, in which he had read these words:

My Old Friend:—When I am gone, I desire you to take from my desk a small packet of manuscript which you will find there. It is the story of my life. Even to you I have been reticent, but now I desire you to know all. You may think me a madman when you have read the story, and, indeed, no one can know whether he is mad or not, but you know me too well to suspect me of falsehood. The truth of what I have written is as absolute to me as that of my own existence.

Read it and do what you will with it.

Yours ever, LE MAR.

It was to obey this legacy that the Colonel retraced his steps to the home of his dead comrade that day. As Le Mar had said, he knew nothing of his life save that they had fought together, yet he had always felt that some mystery surrounded him, that there were sorrows in the past too great to be spoken of.

At the dead of night, in the solitude of his own room, Colonel Mestayer unrolled the paper, covered with fine writing, that had been written, and read the following story:

Dear Mestayer:—Before I became a soldier, I lived with my father in a chateau near Paris. I was his youngest son, and in his way he was fond of me; his kindness, however, depended altogether on my implicit obedience. Like most young men, I had fallen in love. The object of my affection was not a lady of my own rank in life; she was a poor little shop girl, named Arline.

I have always thought her the sweetest thing on earth; certainly her black eyes and her long, glittering, waving black hair were charms any woman might have envied. I never mentioned Arline at home, of course; that you quite understand. Her grandfather was a little old man who carved wooden brackets for a living, and they lived on a fourth floor, in a very poor neighborhood.

When I was five and twenty years of age, my father said to me:

"Adolph, it is time for you to marry. I have selected a wife for you. It is young Mademoiselle Moran."

"But I have no wish to marry," I said.

"I desire it," said my father. "Mlle. Moran's beauty, position and wealth render her a most eligible wife for you. Her father approves of you; he will give her a fine portion, and, if you marry according to my wishes, I will settle a suitable sum upon you, and give you the pretty chateau at St. Sauveur, which you have always so much admired. I can afford to be generous to an obedient son, but, if I am offended with you, what have you?"

"Not a sous."

"Ah, well," said he, "I see you understand the situation."

He walked away from me, well satisfied. I remained where he had left me. I asked myself what I should do. I could not tell him that I loved some one else. Love had nothing to do with his plans. I could not tell him that another loved me. What would be care for a little shop girl without a penny in her purse? With his consent I should never marry her, even were there no Mlle. Moran on earth. I might resist his authority and marry Arline. After awhile, perhaps I might teach music for a livelihood. I knew something of the art. And then, if we two could live on a crust in a garret, we might be happy. Could we? Could I? I thought of my own elegant house; of the style in which I had always lived; of the luxuries that had grown to be necessities to me. I shuddered.

"Perhaps time will help me," I said to myself. "I will never tell my father yet. I will remain passive. I will never marry Mademoiselle Moran; but if it amuses the old people to talk of our betrothal, let them do it."

So I salved my conscience. Once or twice a week my father took me formally to call upon young Mademoiselle Moran. The rest of the evenings I made love to my little Arline. She lived with her old grandfather on an upper floor, in a dismal street, but the room was bright and clean enough, and she was as pretty and as fresh as a rose.

Together we supped upon bread and radishes, and claret, which I brought with me in a long bottle. Those were delicious feasts. They were sweetened and flavored by love. She did not know that I was a rich man. She did not care whether I was rich or poor.

Neither of us looked far into the future. We were young, and the present sufficed us. We lived in the present together in the little garret, or went arm in arm to see a play; whether we walked through the gas-lit streets, or wandered on some summer holiday out into the pleasant country-places—we were happy in the day we were long. Meanwhile, Mlle. Moran gave me her polite attention when we met, and made no objection whatever to our parents' plans.

Loving Arline as I did, I was still a coward. You who have known me in battle will perhaps think I belie myself, but at one-and-twenty I was a moral coward. I despise myself as I write, but I have promised to tell the truth. I allowed matters to proceed without interruption, until at last I was formally affianced to Mlle. Moran. I signed the marriage contract with my own hand, and then I felt that I could not retrace my steps. Satan whispered in my ear:

"What does it matter? Marry the lady. Your little shop girl does not know anything about you. Keep your fortune and your sweet-heart also."

I obeyed the whispers. I managed my little affair so as to avoid suspicion on both sides. Reckless of the wrong I was doing to two good and pure young girls, I floated down the stream toward my wedding day.

But Satan always deserts his friends at last. A letter from my father which I had recklessly carried about with me, fell from my pocket unseen by me one night as I parted from Arline.

She read it. Perhaps jealousy prompted her; and she fancied that she might have discovered a rival's billet-doux. At all events she read it, and learned from it all the truth. Charged with it, I could not deny the facts.

I could only vow that I loved her and her alone. Poor child! As she listened I saw all hope and sweetness die out of her face. White and despairing, with her eyes dilating and her lips set hard, she looked at me and said nothing. She drowned herself in the Seine that night, and when next I saw her it was upon a marble slab in the Morgue, her hands upon her breast, her hair falling about her like a black veil, my ring upon her finger. My friend, I did not marry Mlle. Moran. Remorse overwhelmed me at last. I confessed all to father, broke my engagement, and, leaving home and friends behind me, enlisted in the army. I sought death. Those who seek him he shuns. I was called a brave man. Who that hated life would not be brave? When you knew me I wore the captain's epaulets.

I need not tell you of my soldier's life or of the wounds by which I was invalided.

Hearing of them my father, who had at last forgiven me, bestowed upon me his pardon and gave me this little place at St. Sauveur. Here I have lived ever since, a helpless, shattered wreck, almost incapable of motion. It is five years since I came here, and at the end of the second began the incredible part of my story.

My temper, as you know, was none of the best, and I hated the sight of man at times. Greatly as I needed him, I often drove my attached old soldier servant from me, and, one day, when I had done this, I sat alone in my great chair by the seaward window of my sleeping apartment, when a very strange thing happened to me. I felt a hand upon my head. It was a woman's hand, soft and warm and gentle. It trifled with my curls in a fashion that thrilled me with memories of the past.

I was not frightened. I was simply perplexed. I spoke. I said: "Is some one near me whom I do not see?" but there was no answer. Soon I fell asleep, lulled as a babe might be by its mother's caresses, by that phantom touch.

This happened more than once. Then still stranger things occurred. I became aware that some ministering creature was near me. Inanimate objects were moved toward me at my need, without any visible human agency.

Books were brought within my reach. Flowers were plucked from the vines without the door. A glass of wine was poured out and set before me, and after all these little offices came soft caresses. A kiss, a touch of a hand upon my cheek. The most loving and tender being was this sprite, and I longed to see it with a longing indescribable. I was no longer unhappy. I grew almost gay. I still drove my servant away, but it was that this unseen being might manifest itself to me.

You, my dear friend, I remember, used to congratulate me on my recovered spirits. I never told you the cause. I dreaded that a revelation of the truth might drive my spirit love forever from my side.

I have told you all that there is to tell, I think. After all, when one comes to write it down it is not much. I sum it up in these few words: Whenever I was alone, this unseen form was beside me. At night I felt a woman's cheek against my own, a hand upon my brow, a breath mingling with my own; by day there was a loving, ministering creature at my side. I prayed for an audible word, for one glimpse of this fond being, over and over again, but I heard and saw nothing. The longing within me grew intense. I pleaded with heaven for more than had been given me. At last my prayer was answered. My own hand was seized as I sat at my writing table. Great irregular characters were dashed across the paper. They read thus:

"You ask for what would give you pain. Let matters remain as they are. One is near you who loves you, so that her spirit has won its way earthward to minister unto you."

I wrote beneath these lines: "Let me see her."

And then this was written: "You shall have your way. To-night you shall see her."

How I waited for to-night's coming! How eagerly my eyes sought to pierce the shadows of the gathering twilight! I sent my servant away upon an errand which must detain him for hours, and I forbade him to light a lamp.

As the shadows thickened I grew more and more restless. Had I been deceived? Would my wish actually be gratified? Where were the hands that were usually hovering about me? What was this feeling of loneliness and desolation? My eyes wandered from spot to spot. They saw nothing. The room grew dark. It was a moonless night, and only the pale stars looked in between my window curtains. Still I watched, growing hopeless, fearing that I had driven my ministering spirit from me; but at last—at last, as I sat staring into vacancy, a light more brilliant than the starlight filled the room. As it grew, a low, soft breathing like that of a drum fell upon my ear, and slowly, amid the soft, hazy radiance, a picture began to grow—a female figure lying prone, with its hands upon its breast, and a wealth of hair falling about it like a veil. At first a mere outline, at last vivid in every form and tint—a dead woman; with eyes half open, and pale lips apart—a beautiful, awful thing—Arline, as I had seen her last in the awful silence of the morgue.

My friend, the time is coming fast when I also shall pass into that world she has long inhabited. Shall I meet her there? I am not worthy, and I know it well, but if a parted human soul, the soul of a weak and rash woman like Arline, can thus forgive, what may we not hope from an august Creator? I await the hour; that sweet spirit comes no more to me. The bonds of life are breaking. Beyond the darkness, a faint light is shining and it may be that her hands shall clasp mine yet somewhere beyond the reach of sin and sorrow.

Adieu, my friend. Whether thou believest me mad or not, thou shalt know my story.

Thine, ADOLPH LE MAR.

Colonel Mestayer folded the paper and placed it in his bosom. He shed a few tears over it, and he pondered over it many hours. Whether he thought his poor friend mad, I do not know. He did not say so when he handed the manuscript to me, nor have I formed any conclusion upon the subject.

DIED WITH PISTOL IN HAND—END OF A NOTED OUTLAW AND MURDERER.—Rube Burrows, train robber, murderer and outlaw, is dead. He died with his favorite pistols in his hands, in a daring, reckless attempt to regain his liberty, and when he fell two men had gone down before his unerring aim. To the last he displayed that spirit of devilish cunning and daring which for four years has made his name a terror to the South and West. At last, however, he was face to face with a man his equal in courage and his match in handling a revolver.

Tuesday night, 7th, Burrows was taken by his four captors to the little town of Linden, Ala. He was a valuable prisoner, and they could not trust an outsider to watch him. With his hands and feet tied, he was locked in the sheriff's office in the jail, and John McDuffy and a negro named Marshall, sat down to watch him through the night. The negro was one of the captors. C. Carter, who planned the capture, took the money, $175, found on Burrows, and went to the hotel to sleep.

McDuffy and the negro, Marshall, were to remain on guard all night, and they did not dream that Burrows had other means of escape. The door was heavily barred, and while Burrows was quietly sleeping his captors sat near him, with pistols in their hands. At 4 o'clock, Wednesday morning, the prisoner awoke.

"I am hungry; get me something to eat," he said.

"We cannot get anything to eat at this hour," answered McDuffy.

"Well, hand me my satchel there. I have some crackers in that."

A leather satchel, which Burrows carried in his hand when captured, lay in one corner of the room, where it had been thrown without examination. McDuffy handed the satchel to Burrows. The manacled hands of the prisoner were thrust inside, and bringing out a handful of crackers, he handed them to the guards. McDuffy and the negro put down their pistols and began to eat. Again the shackled hands went down into the open satchel, and when they again came forth, the stunned guards looked into the muzzles of two gleaming revolvers.

"Untie me, and be quick about it!" said Burrows to the negro, who obeyed at once. "Now unlock the handcuffs on my wrists," and again the negro obeyed.

"Put them on that man," was the next order, and the trembling negro closed the cuffs with a snap on the wrists of McDuffy.

"Open the door," commanded Burrows, and the bars were removed. Then, placing one of the pistols in his pocket, Burrows commanded the negro to shoot, and, putting a pistol at the negro's head, he ordered him outside. Keeping the negro covered with his revolver, Burrows locked the door on the outside, leaving McDuffy a bound and helpless prisoner within.

"Now, where is that man Carter with my money?" asked the outlaw of the negro. The negro told him, and was ordered to lead the way to his room. They went to the hotel, but Carter was not there. He was sleeping in a room in the rear of the store of a merchant named Glass. The negro led the way to the store and Burrows knocked loudly on the door.

"Who is that?" asked Carter.

In a whisper Burrows ordered the negro to answer, which he did. "Tell him to get up quick; that McDuffy wants him at the jail," said Burrows, in the same stern whisper, and the negro repeated the words.

Carter recognized the voice of the negro, and coming to the door, he opened it and asked: "What is the matter, John?"

"Where is my money? Give it to me at once," said Burrows, and the pistol was at the breast of Carter.

A glance in the semi-darkness was enough. Carter recognized Burrows, and understood the situation in an instant. But he was not going to lose his $7500 prize without a struggle. Instantly he sprang back to the bed where his pistol was lying and seized it, and, turning to the door again, fired. Almost at the same instant the report of the outlaw's pistol awoke the slumbering echoes of the quiet town.

Both shots were well aimed. The ball from the outlaw's pistol struck Carter in the left breast above the heart, and passed through the lungs. Burrows was shot through the bowels, the ball passing entirely through his body. He staggered back into the street, but raised his pistol again and sent a ball crashing through the shoulder of Marshall, the negro, who was standing there half-dead with fear.

Carter was staggering from the shock of his wound, but he ran out into the street and seven more pistol shots rang out on the night air. Both men had emptied their revolvers.

Burrows fell on the street dead. Carter is dangerously wounded and his recovery is doubtful. Marshall is badly wounded, but will probably recover.

"Yes," facetiously remarked the clerk in the President's office, while making an annual, "this is our pass time." "Alas!" murmured the haggard-looking stockholder, "back of every worldly pleasure there is a dead-head."

Mr. Ringruled—"That Englishman appears to know a good deal about this country." Mr. Taxedhigh—"Why so?" Mr. Ringruled—"When I spoke of the glories of freedom and self-government, he laughed."

Young Folks' Column.

Boy Astrologer Dead.

The boy astrologer is dead. He died last week at the house of his parents in Malden, Mass., a victim of Bright's disease. Philip E. Donnan was his name, and although but 14 years old he was considered the equal of any of the astrologers in Boston. The latter all admit that he made remarkable progress in the dead science for one so young. At the time of his demise he was preparing an astrological work for publication and was the author of another, shortly to be issued from the press.

Mathematics was his best hold, particularly trigonometry, although he was an adept in all its lighter branches.

He had mastered the Horary system, as taught by Lilly, Raphael, and other famous masters of the black art, and had entered upon researches into the ancient system of India. His admirers say that as a weather prophet he would double discount the signal service experts, and that the character and accuracy of some of his predictions were awe-inspiring, to say the least. He had been a student of astrology since his eighth or ninth year, and during the last year or so his horoscopes have been in great demand. In fact, he read the answer in the stars for many people. Dressed in Knickerbockers he was a familiar figure about old book stores, where he was ever in quest of old books on occultism. His precocious mind was far too strong for his frail body.

He was not unprepared for death. This was shown by the remark made to a fellow astrologer, who warned him that his stars wore a threatening aspect for October. "I know it," replied Master Philip; "the sun is square of Mars."

Grandma's Glasses.

"Freddie, have you seen my spectacles?"

"Your gold-rimmed glasses, gramma?"

"Yes."

"What you wear on your nose and see through?"

"Yes; where are they?"

"The glasses that gramps gave you?"

"Yes."

"For a Christmas present?"

"Yes; tell me where they are."

"Are they the glasses that you read the Bible with, gramma?"

"Oh, yes! I'm getting impatient, Freddie. Get them for me."

"Glasses that you read about David and Gerliah with, and the three children in the fiery furnace?"

"Yes; the same glasses. Tell me where they are, and quit asking so many questions."

"Do you want to read with them now gramma?"

"No; I want to sew."

"What are you going to sew, gramma?"

"I want to hem a few handkerchiefs."

"For me?"

"No; for grandpa. Where are those glasses, you little torment?"

"You can't sew with the glasses, can you, gramma?"

"Of course I can. I can't sew without them."

"I thought you sewed with a sewing machine, gramma."

"O, you aggravating boy! Look right at me! Now tell me where those glasses are."

"Dunno."

"Haven't you seen them lately?"

"Nome."

Curing a Blind Giant.

Calcutta is a fine, large city, on the northeast coast of India, and one who lived there tells a strange but true story of how a doctor cured the biggest patient he ever had. The patient was a huge elephant, who for a long time had suffered from a disease in his eyes, which at last got so bad that he could not see.

His owner, an English officer, went to Dr. Webb, and begged him to come and see what could be done. He did; and after looking carefully at the giant creature, the doctor said: "The best cure that I know of is nitrate of silver: but it will give a good deal of pain."

Perhaps some of my readers whose friends have bad eyes have heard the name of this remedy.

Well, the owner said he had better try, and if the animal would not allow it he must give it up.

But—would you believe it—the elephant, who like most of his race, was as wise as he was big, found much relief from his first day's doctoring that when Dr. Webb visited him the next day he lay down of his own accord, placed his great heavy head on one side, curled up his trunk, and then, just like you or I might if we were going to bear some dreadful pain, he drew in his breath and lay perfectly still. The healing mixture was dropped into each eye, and then the sharp, short pain was gone, he gave a great sigh, as much as to say, "That's a good thing over. I feel all the better for it." When he got up, he tried, in his poor dumb fashion, to thank his friend for giving him back his sight.

Boys and Men.

There is a difference between boys and men, but it is a difference of self-knowledge chiefly. A boy wants to do everything because he does not know he cannot; a man wants to do something because he knows he cannot do everything; a boy always fails, and a man sometimes succeeds because the man knows and the boy does not know. A man is better than a boy because he knows better; he has learned by experience that what is harm to others is harm to himself, and he would rather not do it. But a boy hotly knows what harm is, and he does it mostly without realizing that it hurts. He cannot invent anything, he can only imitate; and it is easier to imitate evil than good. You can imitate war, but how are you going to imitate peace? So a boy passes his leisure in contriving mischief. If you can get another fellow to walk into a wasp's camp, you can see him jump and hear him howl; but if you do not, then nothing at all happens. If you set a dog to chase a cat up a tree, then something has been done; but if you go and sit down in the sun and sleep, and you lose your time. If a boy could find out some way of doing good, so that he could be active in it, very likely he would want to do good now and then; but as he cannot, he very seldom wants to do good.

The Prayer He Wanted.

Apropos of a fashionable craze, the following story illustrates itself:

A little Detroit boy was sick, and his mother sat up at night with him, and sung him to sleep.

The next night, singing had lost its charm, so she told him stories, and, being an amateur elocutionist, recited the poem, "Rock of Ages." With such dramatic effect that he went to sleep, and did not wake until morning.

The following night he was worse, and insisted that his mother should "pway" with him.

She began "Our Father," but was peremptorily stopped by a little hot hand laid against her lips.

Then she essayed "Now I lay me," but it threw the baby into a feverish rage.

"P'way, mamma," he commanded, "p'way 'Wock of Wages' all over the room, the way you did last night."

Dear Friends of the Young Folks' Column: I thought that I would write a few lines to let you know that I am still in the land of the living. Each week I search the column for letters from more of my friends. But as Ernest Crocker says, "I guess they have all grown old," and yet I don't see how that can be, for surely I would grow old as fast as any one else, and I feel as young as I did when I first wrote to the *Farmer*. Oh! how I pity the poor young folks that live in the city. I guess I should die for certain, if I couldn't get out door and out wood, carry water, ride horseback, (when I can find a horse fool enough to let me ride on his back,) wrestle with my little brother, play ball, and lots more such antics that the city cousins would at once brand "unmaidenly," but which, in my opinion, is not half so unmaidenly as flirting all the evening with some strange gentleman, whose breath is often (and perhaps that same evening,) tainted with liquor, and who knows what the inside of a gaming saloon looks like. Then the next day, she will brag to some girl friend about "her mash" of the evening before, and paint her cheeks to catch another one; but the roses are not so pretty as the ones that come to the cheeks of a country girl on her home run. I suppose you will all think that I am giving a lecture, but I am not. Will the editor kindly send me if any one that chooses may write a story for the *Farmer*? The answer to James F. Vasson's riddle is: 'It will come to ashes." And the answer to Ernest Haliett's is the same. I would like to hear from Ernest Crocker again. Lots of love.

A BIG SISTER.

[Let the "Big Sister" send along the story.—Ed.]

Dear Friends: It has been some time since I have written for the *Farmer*, and perhaps the readers of the young folks' column have forgotten me, but I have not forgotten them. My father lives on a farm, and a pretty one, too. And I think it is pleasant. I take up fifty lessons on organ and have taken quite a number of music lessons on it and can play the violin some. I never have taken any lessons on it. I can harness horses and drive them. I have two brothers and they make me drive oxen and pick up the everlasting Aroostook potatoes. My father and two brothers dig and pick up fifty bushels of potatoes a day. I am organist of Sunday School and church. I have quite a lots of house plants of which I take care of myself. I am very fond of flowers, birds and music, and fun; I go to school when it keeps. I will close by sending a puzzle: There were twenty head of cattle coming through a gate and what cow can turn round and my half of the horns were behind her? I should like to correspond with any of the girls of my size, (my age is 14) if they will write first. My address is ALLIE M. REYNOLDS.

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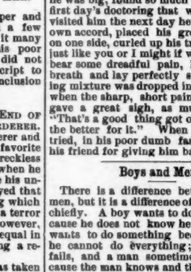

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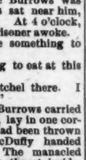
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